CHRESTOLEROS.

Seuen bookes of

Epigrames written by T B.

Hunc nouere modum noſtri ſeruare libelli,
Parcere perſonis: dicere de vitiis.

Imprinted at London by Richard
Bradocke for I. B. and are to be ſold at
her ſhop in Paules Church-yarde at the
ſigne of the Bible. 1598.

To the Right Honourable Sir Charels Blunt Knight, Lord Mountioy, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter.

MY Lorde, *epigrames are a scarse worke, they haue euer had but fewe writers, and yet too many; If my booke please not, yet this, I shalbe sure of rare discommendations, the grea-*

teſt aduenture that I knowe: is to write, mens iudgemẽts are of ſo many faſhions, yet this is my comfort that my booke is of the faſhion. If the common manners commend him, he hath giuen them no cauſe. If anie obiect to my calling this kinde of writing: in other things I woulde be glad to approue my ſtudie to your good Lordſhippe. Theſe are the accomptes of my Idlenes. Yet herein I may ſeeme to haue done ſomthing worthy the price

of

of Labour, that I haue taught Epigrams to ſpeake chaſtlie beſides I haue acquainted them with more grauitie of ſence, and barring them of their olde libertie, not onelie forbidden them to be perſonall, but turned all their bitterneſſe rather into ſharpeneſſe. But the worke it ſelfe, (in regard of which I moſt humbly craue your honors patronage) doth in the nature and kinde thereof deliuer me of an Epiſtle, and bidds it giue place to an Epigrame.

If

IF I my Pen an higher taske ſhould ſet,
Great Lord, what better matter could I finde,
Then of thy worth and vertue to entreate,
Of thy heroicke ſpirite and noble minde:
Now take my gnatt, and try me in a toye,
Whether hereafter I may ſing of Troye.

Your Honours moſt affectionate ſeruant.

Thomas Baſtard.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ.
Liber Primus.

Epigr. 1. de ſubiecto operis ſui.

I Speake of wants, of frauds, of policies,
Of manners, and of vertues, and of times,
Of vnthrifts, and of frends, and enimies,
Poets, Phyſitions, Lawyers, and Diuines,
Of vſurers, buyers, borowers, ritch and poore,
Of theeues, of murtherers by ſea and land,
Of pickthankes, lyers, flatterers leſſe and more,
Of good and bad, and all that comes to hand,
I ſpeake of hidden and of open things:
Of ſtrange euents, of countries farre and wide,
Of warrs, of captaynes, Nobles, Princes, kings,

Asia, *Europe*, and all the world beside.
This is my subiect reader I confesse,
From which I thinke seldome I doe digresse.

Epigr. 2.

WHen I was sweetly sotted with delight,
Each trifeling cause could moue one to indite
A little praise would stirre me in such wise,
My thirst all *Helycon* could scarse suffice.
My pen was like a bowe which still is bent,
My head was like a barrell wanting vent.
Then had you toucht me, you had felt the smart,
What fury might, requiring helpe of art,
And then I thought my iudgements ayme so cleere
That I would hitt you right, or misse you neere,
But nowe left naked of prosperitie,
And subiect vnto bitter iniurie.

So

So poore of ſenſe, ſo bare of wit I am,
Not neede her ſelfe can driue an Epigram,
Yet neede is miſtreſſe of all exerciſe.
And ſhe all thriuing arts did firſt deuiſe.
But ſhould I thriue or proſper in that ſtate,
Where ſhe is my commandreſſe whome I hate?
For of a key-cold witt what would ye haue?
He which is once a wretch, is thriſe a ſlaue.

Epigr. 3. Ad Lectorem.

READer my booke flies low, and comes not neere,
The higher world, and the celeſtiall ſpheare.
Yet not ſo low, but that it doth deſpiſe
The earthes round lumpe, and farre aboue it flies.
This is the middle labour of my pen,
To drawe thee forth (Reader) a mappe of men.

Epigr. 4. *De Microcosmo.*

MAn is a little world and beares the face,
And picture of the Vniuersitie:
All but resembleth God, all but his glasse,
All but the picture of his maiestie.
Man is the little world (so we him call,)
The world the little God, God the great All.

Epigr. 5. *Ad lectorem de subiecto operis sui.*

THE little worlde the subiect of my muse,
Is an huge taske and labour infinite;
Like to a wilderneſſe or maſſe confuſe,
Or to an endleſſe gulfe, or to the night,
How many ſtrange *Meanders* doe *I* finde?
How many paths do turne my ſtraying pen?

How

How many doubtfull twilights make me blinde,
Which ſeeke to him out this ſtrange All of men?
Eaſie it were the earth to purtray out,
Or to draw forth the heauens pureſt frame,
Whoſe reſtleſſe courſe, by order whirles about
Of change and place, and ſtill remaines the ſame,
But how ſhall mens, or manners forme appeare,
Which while *I* write, do change frō that they were?

Epigr. 6. Ad Momum.

MOmus, *I* treate of vices by the way,
Of vices pure, abſtract, and ſeparate,
Of vniuerſall, as the ſchoolemen ſay,
*I*ntentionall, meere, and ſpecificate;
Which floate aboue all ſenſe of vulgarneſſe,
And keepe the topp of the prædicament;
Which like *Chymæra* haunt the wilderneſſe,

And are the ſubſtance of an accident.
You cannot *Momus* then be toucht by me,
Vnleſſe you *genius vniuerſum*, be.

Epigr. 7. *Ad curioſum lectorem.*

ME thinks ſome curious Reader, I heare ſay,
What Epigrams in engliſh? tis not fit.
My booke is plaine, and would haue if it may,
An engliſh Reader but a latine witt.

Epigr. 8. *Ad Do. Mountioy.*

GReat Lord, thine honour and thine excellence,
Among the leaſt hath worthy reſidence;
Of which *I* am, as meane, as low as any;
Yet a true heart and witneſſe with the many.

Then

Then learne of me what th'vnknowne vulgar ſaies,
how high the lowe extoll thy worthy praiſe.
Here thou doſt ſit, theſe harts thy worth doth moue
Theſe know thy vertues, daine to know their loue.

Epigr. 9. In Caium.

Caius will doe me good he ſweares by all,
That can be ſworne, in ſwearing liberall:
He did me one good turne I wote well how,
I would he had not, for I rue it now.
And twiſe and thriſe, he holpe me at my need,
He me in ſhew, but I holpe him in deede.
Had I more neede he would ſo ſuccour me,
That for his helpe the more my need ſhould be.
But *Caius*, haue ye ſuch good turns in ſtore?
O keepe them for your ſelfe, helpe me no more.

For he which comes to you and wanteth pelfe,
Muſt ſay: Sir I haue need, now helpe your ſelfe.

Epigr. 10. *De Cadauere in littus eiecto.*

THe naked corpſe caſt out vpon the ſhoare,
Seemde in my thought thus wofully to plaine:
Sea, thou did'ſt drowne, and bury me before;
Why do thy waues then digge me out againe?
Thus we by earth and ſea are inuired;
The earth caſtes forth her liue, the ſea her dead.

Epigr. 11. *de Philippo Sidneo.*

VVHen nature wrought vpon her mould ſo well,
That nature wondred her owne worke to ſee,
When arte ſo labourde nature to excell,
And both had ſpent their excellence in thee.

Wil-

Willing they gaue the into fortunes hande
Fearing they could not ende what they beganne.

Epigr. 12. *De Publio.*

Publius ſweares he is nor falſe nor wicked,
Free from great faults, and hath no other lett,
Saue this great fault he is in debt,
This is the greateſt ſinne he hath committed.
This is a great and hainous ſinne indeede,
Which will commit him if he take not heede.

Epigr. 13.

Gallus would made me heire, but ſuddainly,
He was preuented by vntimely death:
Scilla did make me heire: when by and by
His health returnes and he recouereth.

He

He that entendes me good, dies with his pelfe,
And he that doth me good, hath it himſelfe.

Epigr. 14. *In Mathonem optatiuum.*

M*Atho* the wiſher hath an ill entent,
But for the fact I thinke him innocent,
If he ſee ought he wiſheth it ſtraight way.
Wiſhing the night, wiſhing he ſpendes the day.
Nor horſe, nor man, nor wife, nor boy nor maide
Can ſcape his wiſh, nor ought that can be ſaid.
Your houſe, your bed, your board, your plate, your (diſh,
All he deuours, tis all his with a wiſh.
He views whole fields & ſheep on them which ſtray
Riuers, woods, hils, he wiſheth all away.
Yea witt, and learning and good qualities,
He would not want, if wiſhing might ſuffice.
And this the diſarde *Matho* nothing gaines,
By wiſhing oft, and yet he takes great paines.

Epigr.

Epigr. 15. *In Mirum medicum.*

PHisition *Mirus* talkes of saliuation,
Of *Tophes* and *Pustules*, and *Febricitation*;
Who doth ingurgitate, who tussicate,
And who an vlcer hath inueterate.
Thus while his Inkehorne termes he doth apply,
Euacuated is his ingenie.

Epigr. 16.

SOme say that some which Colledges did found,
Were wicked men; I grant it may be so:
But what are they which seeke to pull them downe?
Are not these wicked builders, let me know?
How do times differ? how are things discust?
For see their wicked, do excell our iust.

Epigr.

Epigr. 17. de poëta Martiali.

MArtiall, in ſooth none ſhould preſume to write,
Since time hath brought thy Epigrams to light:
For through our writing, thine ſo prais'de before
Haue this obteinde, to be commended more:
Yet to our ſelues although we winne no fame,
Wee pleaſe, which get our maiſter a good name.

Epigr. 18.

THe poore man plaines vnto a *Crocodile*,
And with true tears his cheeks he doth bedew,
Sir, I am wrong'd and ſpoild: alas the while,
I am vndone, good ſir ſome pitie ſhewe:
Then weepes the *Crocodile*, but you may ſee,
his teeth preparde and hollow rauening iawe:
Then dry the poore mans teares, away goes he,

Muſt

Muſt rape be pitied, is there ſuch a lawe?
He did me wrong which robde me as you ſee.
But he which ſtole my tears, ſtole more from me.

Epigr. 19. in Auaritiam.

Auarice hath an endleſſe eye,
Attende, and I will tell you why;
The minde the bodies good doth craue,
Which it deſiring cannot haue:
The like reſemblance may be made,
As if the bodie lou'd a ſhade.

Epigr. 20. in Cacum.

Cacus deſired me to ſet him foorth,
O how I burne ſaith he! O how I long,
And yet I cannot regiſter his worth
And why? for *Cacus* neuer did me wrong.

Epigr.

Epigr. 21. *De Typographo.*

THe Printer when I askt a little ſumme,
Huckt with me for my booke, & came not nere.
Ne could my reaſon or perſwaſion,
Moue him a whit; though al things now were deere,
Hath my conceipt no helpe to ſet it forth?
Are all things deere, and is wit nothing worth?

Epigr. 22. *In Scillam.*

SCilla had bin in *Frante* a weeke or two,
When he returned home with victory;
Boaſting of ten which he to death did do.
Nine in the fight, the tenth but cowardly.
For him he ſmote vntruſſing of his hoſe,
Alas that ſoldier di'de a filthy death.
Yet he made vp the compleat ſumme of thoſe,

Of

Of whoſe occiſion *Scilla* glorieth,
And by his *Rapiar* hilts (O bloody deed)
Embrau'de with golde, he ſweares victorioufly
And hundred at his next returne to ſpeede.
Ten him no tens, an hundred more ſhall die,
But neuer he returnde, nor euer will,
Counting more glory now to ſaue then kill.

Epigr. 23. *in Caluum.*

Caluus hath hayre neither on head or brow.
Yet he thanks God, that witt he hath enowe.
The witt may ſtand although the hayre doe fall
Tis true, but *Caluus* had no witt at all?

Epigr. 24.

Auſtus is ſicke of care, the doctors ſay,
His cure and remedy muſt be delay.

While

While ſicke conſuming *Fauſtus* keeps his bedde.
An hundred whole men are conſum'd and deade.
After all this *Fauſtus* recouereth ;
I ſee care is a tricke to coſin death.

Epigr. 25, in fucantem faciem ſuam.

HE which put on a falſe vpon thy face,
Hath done that ill, which was done well before,
Thus he hath put thy picture in thy place,
Making thee like thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe no more.
Depriude of liuing comlineſſe and feature,
Fye on thee art, thou com'ſt to neere to nature.

Epigr. 26. de Adam primo homine.

VVHen *Adam* couered his firſt nakednes, (what,
With figge tree leaues, he did, he knew not

The

The leaues were good indeed, but not for that,
God ordaind skins gainſt his skins wretchednesse.
But gainſt diſeaſes and our inward neede,
To piece our liſe which ſlitting ſtill doth paſſe.
What leafe do we not vſe, what herbe, what graſſe,
Their ſecret vertues ſtanding vs in ſteede?
Thus in our garmentes theſe we caſt away:
And yet our life doth weare them euery day.

Epigr. 27. *In Cophum.*

Cophus on *Antimonium* doth plodd,
Beleeue me *Cophus* but you are too bolde,
To ſearch into the ſecret depth of God:
After *Potatoes* of reſolued golde
The *Paracelſians* taught you this to doe;
And you will ferett *Nature* from her denne,
Yee'le make men liue whether they will or no.

But truſt me *Cophus* they are truſtleſſe men.
For *Cophus* they haue taskt you like a noddy,
To ſtudy th'immortalitie of the bodie.

Epigr. 28.

THey which reade *Horace*, *Virgill* and the reſt,
Of ancient Poets; all new wits deteſt:
And ſay O times; what happy wits were then,
I ſay, O fooles; rather what happy men.

Epigr. 29. *In Gallum.*

THe good turne *Gallus* which you promiſed,
When I beleeuing ſoole doe aske of you:
Then you obiect your name is blemiſhed,
By my reportes, and more which is not true,
You might bin liberall as ye did boaſt,
But you are angry now with halfe the coſt,

Epigr.

Epigr. 30.

FLorus exceeded all men of our time,
So braue, ſo pert, ſo luſtye, and ſo trimme:
But ſodainly me thought he did decline,
So wanne, ſo blanke, ſo ſily and ſo thinne.
I aske the cauſe, he leads me through the ſtreete,
He brings me to his houſe, where I may ſee,
A woman fayre, ſofte, gentle and diſcreete.
Behold ſaith *Florus* what hath tamed me.
What is this true? can ſuch a wife doe ſo?
Then how muſt he be tamd which hath a ſhroe?

Epigr. 31. *Epitaphium Timonis.*

HEere I lie ſealed vnder this ſtone,
Deathes loathſome priſoner, lifes caſtaway.
Which when I liued was loued of none,

Nor louely to any as all men can ſay.
Now all men for dying doe loue me, though ill,
I would not reuiue to looſe their good will.

Epigr. 32.

THey ſay the *Spaniards* make prouiſion
For wars, and that they will be heere with ſpeed
With ſhops; golde, ſiluer and munition.
What do they meane? I think they know our need?

Epigr. 33.

IF ye aske *Lætus* why he keepes no Chriſtmaſſe,
Being ſo rich, hauing ſo large reuenue:
Hee'le ſay he is in debt, or hath ſome purchaſe,
Or hath begonne it and can not continue.
Porus hath many legacyes to pay,

Though

Though *Lætus* he exceede in welth or land.
But Dacus will do good ſome other way,
Cacus would, weare his mony in his hand:
Olde *Miſus* ſaith, let them ſpend wich can get,
Corus would now, but all things are to deare.
Germanus ſaith, you do not know my lett,
And *Cains* will keepe houſe an other yeare.
O wretched times, but our times iuſt abuſe,
That euer doing good ſhould haue excuſe.

Epigr. 34. Ad Thomam Freake armig. de veris aduentu.

THe welcome Sunne from ſea *Freake* is returned,
And cheerth with his beames the naked earth,
Which gainſt his comming her apparelleth,
And hath his abſence ſixe long moneths mourned.
Out of her fragrant ſide ſhe ſendes to greete him
The raſhed primroſe and the violet;

While ſhe the fieldes and meadowes doth beſet
With flowers, & hang the trees with pearle to meet
Amid this hope and ioy ſhe doth forget, (him
To kill the hemlocke which doth grow too faſt,
And chill the adder making too much haſt,
With his blacke ſonnes reuiued with the heat,
Till ſommer come with diuers colours clad,
Much like my Epigrams with good and badd.

Epigr. 35. *In Therſites.*

ALthough *Therſites* haue a filthy face,
And ſtaring eyes, and little outward grace.
Yet this he hath to make amend's for all,
Nature her ſelfe is not more naturall.

Epigr.

Epigr. 36.

NIsus writes Epigrams and so doe I,
Matter he hath enough, but I haue lesse,
Yet but in one poynt all the ods doth lie,
He may speake of lewde loues and wantonnesse.
Is not this ods? am not I in a streight,
His matter pleaseth more, then my conceipt.

Epigr. 37. *In Festum.*

FEstus and this vile world haue shaken hands,
Opprobrious riches were to him such griefe,
That he hath so dispatcht his wealth and lands,
That no man now can cast them in his teeth,
Now what is not vndone? and what remaines,
To *Festus* of his former happinesse?
Ritch with all humours, onely he retaines

Good natur'd groſneſſe, and a bounch of fleſh.
But *Philo* take you care no more of that,
For if ye doe, you will vndoe your ſatt.

Epigr. 38. *In Miſum.*

Olde *Miſus* is a ſlauiſh drudge *I* knowe,
For whome? but for his maſter, ſo he ſaies:
Who is your maiſter *Miſus* can ye ſhew?
Is not he in your cheſt vnder your keyes?
Then you doe ill ſo farre him to preferre,
And make your Lord, which is your priſoner.

Epigr. 39. *Ad librum ſuum.*

MY little booke whom wilt thou pleaſe, tell me?
All which ſhall reade thee? no that cannot be.
Whom then, the beſt? but few of theſe are knowne.

Howe

How ſhalt thou knowe to pleaſe thou know'ſt not (whom?
The meaner ſort cõmend not poetry ;
And ſure the worſt ſhould pleaſe themſelues for thee
But let them paſſe, and ſet by moſt no ſtore.
Pleaſe thou one well, thou ſhalt not neede pleaſe more.

Epigr. 40. *Ad Lectorem.*

HOw quickly doth the Reader paſſe away,
My pens long taske and trauaile of the day?
Foure lines, which hold me tug an hower or twaine
He ſups vp with a breath and takes no paine.
Yet vſe me well Reader, which to procure
Thy one ſhort pleaſure, two long paines endure:
The one of writing when it is begonne:
Th'other of ſhame, if't pleaſe not when tis done.

Finis. Libri Primi.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

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ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ.
Liber Secundus.

THou which deluding raiſeſt vp a fame,
And hauing ſhewd the man concealſt his name;
Which canſt play earneſt as it pleaſeth thee,
And earneſt turne to ieſt as neede ſhall be,
Whoſe good we praiſe, as being likt of all,
Whoſe ill we beare, as being naturall,
Thou which art made of vineger and gall,
Wormewood, and *Aqua fortis* mixt with all.
The worldes ſpie, all ages obſeruer,
All mens feare, fewe mens flatterer,
Ceaſe, write no more to agrauate thy ſinne:
Or if thou wilt not leaue, now Ile beginne.

Epigr.

Epigr. 2. *In Porum.*

POrus when firſt he ventred for a prize,
Deſirde ſafe conduct but to yonder ſhoare:
When he ariude and ſpedd his merchandize,
Sea, bring me home againe, I aske no more.
And yet a ſecond courſe he vndertakes.
And ſteeling leaue for gayne which is ſo deare,
A third and fourth aduenture yet he makes,
And vſde to danger now, forgets to feare.
Ye windes and ſeas where are your blaſts & waues,
With which ye ſeale and open the great deepe?
Porus contemneth you as captiue ſlaues,
And ſaith you are his priſoners vnder keepe.
Like *Xerxes* he hath *Neptune* faſt in ſtockes,
And like *Vlyſſes*, *Æolus* in a boxe.

Epigr.

Epigr. 3.

MOnsters of men are many now a day,
Which still like *Vultures* on the dead do pray.
And as the *Phœnix* doth in wondred wise,
So they, but out of others ashes rise.

Epigr. 4. *Ad Henricum Wottonum.*

WOtton, the country and the country swayne,
How can they yeelde a Poet any sense?
How can they stirre him vp, or heat his vaine?
How can they feede him with intelligence?
You haue that fire which can a witt enflame,
In happy London Englands fayrest eye:
Well may you Poets haue of worthy name,
Which haue the foode and life of poetry.
And yet the country or the towne may swaye,
Or beare a part, as clownes doe in a play.

Epigr.

Epigr. 5. In hospitem quendam.

MIne hoast he hath but one eye which good is,
As for conditions good, one lesse then this,
I pray ye guestes as many as come hether,
In his behalfe to put these both together.

Epigr. 6. De mensa Ianuarii quæ fuit an: do. 1595.

VVHen coldes & frosts, & snowes were wont to (reigne,
As in their time of prime in *Ianuere*.
Then calme and milde and pleasant was the yeare,
like to the spring which maketh all things feyne.
The little sparrowes these I sawe deceiue,
Which cherped merily and buiit their nest.
Pore birds, the frost will come when you think lest,

And

And you of pleasure sodainlye bereaue.
And this poore birds let me your errour rue;
But let the yeare deceiue no more then you.

Epigr. 7. *In Lætum.*

LÆtus by sops, and sups, and little more
Hath got a nose which reacheth to the skies,
This nose hath got a mouth wide gaping so,
This mouth hath gotten eares, these eares haue eies,
And now me thinkes tis little nose againe,
Being deuided, for I did suppose,
That it had neither mouth, nor eares, nor eyne.
I was deceiu'de, I tooke all for a nose,
And if I say als nose, thinke you I lye?
But if I say not; what a nose marre I?

Epigr.

Epigr. 8.

WAlking the fieldes a wantcatcher I ſpide,
To him I went deſirous of his game:
Sir haue ye taken wants? yes he replide,
Heere are a dozen which were lately tane.
Then you haue left no more. No more quoth he,
Sir I can ſhewe you more, the more the worſe,
And to his worke he wente, but t'wolde not be,
For all the wantes were crept into my purſe.
Farewell ſmend wantcatcher ſince t'will not be,
Thou canſt not catch the wants, but they catch me.

Epigr. 9.

WEſtminſter is a mill which gryndes all cauſes,
And grinde his cauſe for me there he that liſt:
For by Demurrs and Pleas, appeales, and clauſes,
The tole is oft made greater then the gryſte.

Epigr.

Epigr. 10.

A Gentleman, if once decline chance,
Theres meate for peasants, there is dainty fare
One snaps the sides, an other hath the haunch,
One hath the vmbles, euery one a share.
O vile base ende of riott and excesse,
He which had liuing, landes and dignitie;
Is eaten vp of very filthinesse.
Falne among swine, a pray to slauerie,
But see the ende; this sweete and daintie foode,
Turns into finer molde, vpstartes a sonne:
He is a Gentleman of your lands blood.
He buyes your Armes, who could be thus vndone,
First would I sterue my selfe and eate my nayles,
Or these rude chuss should drayle me through their tayles.

Epigr. 11.

HE which to London did conuey the piggè,
Which was so wõdrous long, so monstrous big
Tell him from me he was a very mome.
For I knowe greater piggs he left at home.

Epigr. 12. *In Zoilum.*

Zoile now stinkes, cold, wann, and withered,
How shall one know when *Zoilus* is dead.

Epigr. 13. *In Cæcum.*

C*Æcus*, if any chance on him to call,
Drawes forth the loafe & cherse, but if they eate
A golden sentence he drawes forth withall,
Friendship consisteth not in drinke and meate.

This

This is a goolden ſentence I dare ſweare.
This ſentence ſaues him many pound's a yeare.

Epigr. 14. *Epitaphium barbæ cuius erat Pſillus.*

HEre lies a bounch of haire deepe falowed,
Of fayre long hayre, trilling a downe the breſt,
With goodly flakes and peakes; now all is dead.
The ſhaking, and the count'nance, and the creſt.
Now death of mooches hath diſſolude that twynn,
And ſeaſed on that goodly ſett of hayre.
And marde the order of that famous chynn,
With his poſteritie alone ſo fayre,
Which to poſteritie I will commende.
Heere lies a beard, and *Pſillus* at the ende.

Epigr. 15.

HEywood goes downe saith *Danis*, sikerly,
And downe he goes, I can it not deny.
But were I happy, did not fortune frowne.
Were I in heart, I would sing *Dany* downe.

Epigr. 16. *Ad Lectorem.*

READer, there is no biting in my verse;
No gall, no wormewood, no cause of offence.
And yet there is a biting I confesse
And sharpenesse tempred to a wholsome sense.
Such are my Epigrams well vnderstood,
As salt which bites the wound, but doth it good.

Epigr

Epigr. 17. *Ad Aulicos.*

YE Courtiers, ſo may you in courtly ſorte
With manners old, old Courtiers long remaine,
So that ſome vpſtart courtiers ye refraine:
vnworthy of a peereleſſe princes port.
As courtier leather, courtier pinne, and ſope,
And courtier vinegeer, and ſtarch and carde,
And courtier cups, ſuch as were neuer heard,
And ſuch as ſhall not court it long we hope.
The true gentilitie by their owne Armes,
Aduance themſelues, the falſe by others harmes.

Epigr. 18. *In inuidum.*

I Chanced on a monſter of a man,
With health heart ſick, ſterued with ſtore of food,
With riches poore; with beauty pale and wanne.

Wretched with happineſſe, euill with good,
One eye did enuie at the other eye,
Becauſe the other enuide more then he.
His hands did fight for the firſt iniurie,
So enuie enui'de, enuied to be.
And as he went his hinder foote was ſore
And enuide at the foote that went before.

Epigr. 19. *In Fœnatores.*

NEuer ſo many vſerers were knowne,
As we haue now; yet haue we not enowe,
So many borowing neede hath ouerthrowne,
Which would be more in debt, but know not how;
The vſerers are tane vp of Gentlemen,
Of Merchants, of the Nobles of the land.
The poore can now haue no acceſſe to them,
Vnder vndoing thriſe, vnder good band.

Methinkes

Methinkes I heare the wretches how they call,
Let's haue more vsurers, or none at all.

Epigr. 20.

HE that will in the mid'st of dronkennesse,
Learne how he may miraculously be fresh:
And in one instant honger after cates,
Which his cramde surfeyting with loathing hates.
And *ipso facto* cure the rume destilling,
And that which heere to name I am not willing,
Vnlesse Tabaccho vanish his disease.
He must stay longer or he can haue ease.

Epigr. 21. *In Momum.*

M*Omus* to be a Poet Lawreate,
Hath straynde his wits, through an yron grate.

For he hath rimes and rimes, and double ſtraynes:
And golden verſes, and all kindes of veynes,
Now to the preſſe he preſſeth haſtely,
To ſell his friendes ſtinking eternitie.
For who would be eternall in ſuch faſhion,
To be a witneſſe to his condemnation.

Epigr. 22.

I Mett a courtier riding on the plaine,
Well mounted on a braue and gallant ſteede;
I ſate a iade, and ſpurred to my paine,
My lazy beaſt whoſe tyred ſides did bleede,
He ſawe my caſe; and then of courteſie,
Did reyne his horſe, and drewe the bridle in
Becauſe I did deſire his companie:
But he coruetting way of me doth winne,
What ſhould I doe which was beſteaded ſo?
His horſe ſtoode ſtill faſter then mine could go,

Epigr.

Epigr. 23. *In Miſum.*

Miſus, thy wealth will quickly breath away,
Thine honeſtie is ſhorter then thy breath,
Thy fleſh will fall, how canit longer ſtay,
Which is ſo ripe and mellow after death?
Yet while thou liu'ſt men make of thee a ieſt.
Heere lies olde *Miſus* ſoule, lockt in his cheſt.

Epigr. 27. *In Lalum.*

Lalus is drunke, and able ſcarſe to ſpeake,
He ſweares he is not drunke; when by an by
The nimble licour foyles him on his necke,
How durſt ye *Lalus* giue your Ale the lie,
Next time if you will be beleeu'd, confeſſe,
That when you haue not drunk, you are not freſh.

Epigr.

Epigr. 25. In habentem longam barbam.

THy beard is long: better it would thee fitt,
To haue a ſhorter beard, and longer witt.

Epigr. .26

I Want an hundred pounds: my bookes I ſeeke.
Their anſwere is; that learning hath a fall:
I ſeeke my braines: conceipts be ſo good cheepe,
One dramme of ſiluer may buy head and all.
Then to the Muſes I amaſed flye.
They tell me *Homers* caſe and others more.
Then to my bookes againe as faſt I hie.
And backe againe as wretched as before.
*B*etraying ſtudies ſtanding ſo win ſteede;
Why doe ye this forſake me in my neede?

Epigr.

Epigr. 27. In Latum.

LÆtus would begge of me I knowe not what,
But first he couenants, denye not me.
Nay *Latus* begge me then if I grant that.
If I will binde my selfe to sett you free.
Twere well if after asking you might haue it
But you will haue a thing before ye craue it.

Epigr. 28.

SO harde it was for Poets to reiect,
The once conceiued issue of their braine,
As for a mother her babe to neglect,
For whom in trauayling she tooke such paine.
Then if we loue our faultes for our owne sake.
Loue doth but loue the child, which loue did make.

Epigr.

Epigr. 29. *in Papam.*

THe Pope as king of kings hath power from hye,
To plant, and to roote out succeſſiuely:
Why fell the king of *France* in woſull caſe?
Becauſe the Pope did plant him of his grace.
But our *Eliſa* liues, and keepes her crowne,
Godamercy Pope, for he would pull her downe.

Epigr. 30. *Adreginam Elizabetham.*

LIue long *Eliſa*, that the wolfe of *Spayne*,
In his owne thirſt of blood conſumde may be.
That forraine princes may enuie thy reigne.
That we may liue and floriſh vnder thee,
And though the bended force of mighty kings,
With knots of policy confederate,
Ayme at thy royall Scepter, purpoſing

Con-

Confuſion to thy country and thy ſtate.
Heauen fights for thee, & thou ſhalt haue thy will
Of all thy foes, for thy Sunne ſtandeth ſtill.

Epigr. 31. *Ad Lectorem.*

READer me thinkes that now Idoe digreſſe,
Preſuming thus to talke of Maieſty.
Which in things eaſie could my minde expreſſe,
And dandle little meanings pretily,
For now I looſe my proper veynes delight,
Which things vnproper to my veyne rehearſe,
Thus I attempting thoſe things to recyte,
Which come not in my compaſſe of my verſe,
In ſuch a plot, cannot make matter faye.
Where ſo much matter muſt be caſt away.

Epigr.

Epigr. 32. *Ad Comitem Essexia.*

ESsex, the ends which men so saine would finde,
Riches, for which most are industrious.
Honour, for which most men are vertuous,
Are but beginnings to thy noble minde:
Which thou as meanes dost frankly spend vpon,
Thy countries good, by thy true honour wonne.

Epigr. 33.

OLde hand in handes saluting now is past,
And friendes embracing armes in armes do cast.
Why? cause the body is the better part?
Or we would feele our friends neerer the heart?
Or that our friends as flitting to and fro
Our armes may hold, our hands would let them go?
Yet were the auncient friendship now of force,
Our armefull, for their handfull I would scorse.

Epigr.

Epigr. 34.

THe firſt defence that goolde hath, is the ground,
Where it lyes hidden till we digge it foorth.
Then in her thickneſſe it lies, which we ſounde,
For goold's pale ſpirit of admirable woorth.
And then we let it downe into our heart,
And drench our ſoule ſo thirſting after gayne,
Till like a God it reigne in euery part.
No Alcumiſt can draw it thence againe.
If goolde from goold can be abſtracted thus,
Why ſhould not goold as well be drawn from vs?

Epigr. 35. *In Fortunam.*

I Pray thee fortune, (fortune if thou be.)
Come heere aſide, for I muſt braule with thee.
I'ſt you that ſitt as Queene in throne ſo hye,

In

In ſpite of vertue, witt and honeſty?
Haue you a Scepter onely to this ende,
To make him rue which neuer did offend?
I'ſt your fayre face whoſe fauour fooles doe finde,
And whoſe vaine ſmile makes wiſe mẽ change their mind?
Thy hands be ful, yet eye thou haſt not one,
Th'arte full of moſſe, and yet a rolling ſtone.
Thou fancyeſt none; yet put'ſt the worſte in truſt,
Thou ta'kt no bribes, and yet doſt iudge iniuſt.
Thou makeſt Lordes, and yet doſt caſt them down,
Thou hateſt kings, and yet doſt keepe their crowne,
Thou neuer ſtand'ſt: and yet doſt neuer fall;
And car'ſt for none, and yet haſt rule of all,
But fortune, though in princely throne thou ſit
I enuie not, it is not for thy witt.

Epigr. 36. *Ad Sextum.*

Sextus in wordes giues me gold wealth and lands
Sextus hath *Craſſus* tongue, but *Irus* handes.

Epigr. 37. *Ad Gulielmum Sutton.*

I Vowde to make an Epigram a day,
But ſetting pen to paper twolde not ſaye.
I wanted matter and inuention.
My pen was tired, and my witt was donne.
Sutton this loſſe thou well mayſt recompenſe,
Taking out wordes and putting in ſome ſenſe:
Perhaps thou wilt not, for thou think'ſt it beſt,
To leaue ſome bad which may cõmend the reſt.

Epigr. 38. *In Caium.*

SO thy rare vertues fixed in mine eyes,
Thy gentle nature *Caius*, and thy minde.
So fraught with learning and good qualities:
That thou art ritch this onely fault *I* finde.
When thou wast poore thy vertues me releeued.
Since thou art ritch, of both *I* am depriued.

Epigr. 39.

THe princes good is good to all: but yeat
The good of all to her good doth not tende.
She one defends vs all what euer threat,
And yet we all can not her one defende.
For the kings euell none but kings can cure.
Yet the kings euill more then kings procure.

Epigr.

Eigr. 40. *De libro ſuo.*

ONe ſayde my booke was like vnto a coate,
Of diuerſe colours blacke and red and white,
I bent to croſſe him ſaide he ſpake by roate.
For they in making rather are vnlike.
A coate, one garment made of many fleeces,
My booke, one meaning cutt in many peeces.

Finis Libri Secundi.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ.
Liber Tertius.

MY Booke is not for learned men nor wiſe,
Nor merry nor conceipted, nor the plaine:
Nor angry, fooliſh, criticall or nice.
Nor olde nor young, nor ſober, nor the vaine.
Nor for the proud, nor for the couetous,
Nor for the Gentleman, nor the Clowne:
Nor for the glutton, nor adulterous,
Nor for the valiant worthy of renowne.
Nor for the thrifty, nor the prodigall,
But if thou needs will know for whom? for all.

Epigr. 2. *In Corum.*

Corus desires with them to haue a place,
Whom my sleight muse of right doth celebrate.
Avant ye peasant, for you are too base,
What you among the worthies of our state?
How should I fitt you with a trough or sinke,
Or plant a kenell for your worthinesse,
But that the rest for neighbourhood must stinke,
And be confiners to your filthynesse?
I tooke myne oath *Thalia* at thy shryne,
Ne're to embrue my verses with a swyne.

Epigr. 3. *Ad Iohannem Danis.*

IF witt may make a Poet, as I gesse,
Heywood with auncient Poets may I compare.
But thou in word and deed hast made him lesse,

In

In his owne witt; hauing yet learning ſpare,
The goate doth hunt the graſſe: the wolfe the goat.
The lyon hunts the wolfe, by proofe we ſee.
Heywood ſang others downe, but thy ſweete note
Dauis, hath ſang him downe, and I would thee.
Then be not mou'de, nor count it ſuch a ſinn,
To will in thee what thou haſt donn in him.

Epigr. 4.

KIng *Philip* would by force victoriouſly,
Inuade our land: which hauing proude in vaine,
He wars with treaſon moſt inglorioufly.
Yet is repelde, and driuen home againe.
In great attempts few ſpare for wickedneſſe,
Yet neuer any man did more for leſſe.

Epigr. 5. Ad comitem Essexiam iam nauigaturum.

THese ships with childe with such an enterprze,
As more then quicke they trauaile with to *Spayne*;
These Captaynes of couragious companies,
The towers and fortes, *Elysa*, if thy reigne,
These Armies marching and these ensignes spread,
These Armes aduanst vpon our enemies:
All as the body, waite on thee their head,
Great Lord, dipt in thine heart, fixt in thine eyes,
Go on with liuing courage, tempring sweete,
The inspirde body of her royall fleete,

Epigr. 6. Ad eundem.

THe newes of *Spanish* wars, how wondrously,
It strooke our heartes, what terrour it did breed.

Saint

Saint *Mary* porte and *Cales* can teſtifie,
And thouſand's *Spaniards* witneſſing the deede,
When thou *Denrox*, with feare waſt ſo diſmaid,
That thou to *Sinill* well nigh fled'ſt for ayde.

Epigr. 7.

WHen *Cæſar* in thoſe wars which did not ceaſe,
Till they had conſummated not his peace:
By higher cauſe was drawne into the flood,
Where *Alexanders* royall citie ſtoode:
And now the world did ſtint her conquering,
Againſt the comming of a greater king,
Ægypt, which hording all iniquities,
Vnder yet vnreuealed myſteries,
Didburne the wiſedome of all ages olde
Which forty thouſand volumes had enrolde:
Plainely foretold what ſhortly ſhould enſue.
Wipe out the olde world and begin the new.

Epigr.

Epigr. 8. *In Philonem.*

PHylo is richly rayde, and beareth hye
His great reuenues dated in his coate.
Coyne, iewels, plate and land: loa heere they lie.
This is their laſt which lately ſo did floate.
Firſt in his bely ſhipt they ſuffred wracke.
Now they are landed all vpon his backe.

Epigr. 9.

BEſides contentions to vs naturall,
And to our age: beſides all wickedneſſe
So rife ſo ripe, ſo reaching ouer all,
And murdring malice raging in exceſſe.
We haue inuented engines to ſhed blood,
Such as no age did euer knowe before.
Like as God thundreth from the ayrie clowde:

Lightning

Lightning forth death out of deaths house of store.
What Arte had euer more perfection.
Then murder hath, since gonns did worke our euill?
Fye on all mischieuous inuention.
Fye on all wicked heads, fye on the diuell,
Which vs such murdring instruments assignes.
It is to much to haue such murdring mindes.

Epigr. 10.

WHen bãkrupt *Tamus*, his chãnel scarse did wet
He was great store of water in our dett,
Which all he payde vs, when an other yeare
Hee pleaded at the barre at *Westminstere*:

Epigr. *Ad Lectorem.*

READer if *Heywood* liued now againe
Whome time of life hath not of praise bereaued,

If

If he would write, I could expresse his vaine,
Thus he would write, or else I am deceiued.

Epigr. 12. *Of a pudding.*

THe end is all, & in the end the praise of all de-
(pends
A pudding merits double praise, a pudding hath
(two ends.

Epigr. 13. *A crossing of that Epigram*

A pudding hath two ends? ye lye my brother:
For he begins at one, and ends at t'other.

Epigr. 14. *Of the Lions?*

TEll me good *Tom*, hast thou the Lions seene?
Iacke I haue felt them: why where hast thou bene?
Where

Where haue I not beene, ranging heere and there
And truſt me *Iacke* Lions are euery where,
Why then thou ſaw'ſt them: foole that is no ſoare,
He that tels thee I felt them, tels thee more.

Epigr. 15. *Of Ienkin.*

IEnkin is a rude clowne; go tell him ſo.
What neede I tell what he himſelfe doth know?
Perhaps he knowes not, then he is a ſott,
For tell me, what knowes he which knows not that?

Epigr. 16. *Of an Ape.*

HE that would know an Ape, may be to ſeeke,
An Ape is that, which an Ape is not like.

Epigr.

Epigr. 17. *Of Bankes horſe.*

B*Ankes* hath an horſe of wondrous qualitie,
For he can fight, and piſſe, and daunce, and lie.
And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye haue,
But *Bankes*, who taught your horſe to ſmel a knaue?

Epigr. 18. *Of Pymer which fell mad for the loue of his dogg Talbott.*

P*ymer* lou'de *Talbot*, *Talbot* loued him,
Who loued beſt? both loued conſtantly.
Pymer with *Talbot* dy'd, *Talbot* with him.
Who dyed beſt? both dyed louingly.
Yet were I iudge for *Talbot* I ſhould ſitt,
Whoſe match in loue *Pymer* was, not in witt.

Epigr. 18. *Ad Lectorem.*

SOme will perhaps condemne my fooliſh veyne,
For that of Dogs, Lyons, and Apes I ſpeake.
But if they knewe the cauſe they would refrayne.
I doe it onely for the Printers ſake.
The ſimple muſt haue ſomething for their humour,
And hauing ſomthing they my booke will buy.
Then gayneth he by whome I am no looſer.
So is he ſatisfide, and they and I.
Some will giue ſixe pence for a witty touch,
And ſome to ſee an Ape will giue as much.

Epigr. 19. *In Seuerum.*

SE*uerus* reads my booke, and hauing read,
Forthwith pronounceth me an idle head.
And idle he had binn as well as we,

But

But that he matter found to carpe at me:
Then all goes not amiſſe as I miſtooke;
I ſee there is ſome matter in my book.

Epigr. 20. *In eundem.*

SEuerus calls me idle, I confeſſe:
But who cán worke vpon my idleneſſe.

Epigr. 21.

WHen *Sextus Quintus* traytreuſly had ſlayne,
He threw his ſpoyled corpſe into the deepe.
But the iuſt ſea did throw him out againe,
And to a murder would not counſaile keepe.
The fact appeares, the author of the ſinne,
Is yet vnknowne, but ſee the ſlayne doth bleede.
And his cold blood runs out, and points at him,

And

And cryes, this is the author of the deede.
Thus euen the dead againſt ſuch villanie
Of *Abel* blood for vengeance learne to cry.

Epigr. 21. *Ad reginam Elizebetham.*

MOther of *England*, and ſweete nurſe of all,
Thy countries good which all depends on thee,
Looke not that countries father I thee call,
A name of great and kingly dignitie,
Thou doſt not onely match old kings, but rather,
In thy ſweete loue to vs, excell a father.

Epigr. 22. *Ad eandem.*

IKnow where is a thiefe and long hath beene,
Which ſpoyleth euery place where he reſortes.
He ſteales away both ſubiectes from the Queene.

And men from his owne country of all sortes,
Howses by three, and seauen, and ten he raseth,
To make the common gleabe, his priuate land.
Our country Cities cruell he defaceth,
The grasie grows greene where litle *Troy* did stand,
The forlorne father hanging downe his head,
His ourcast company drawne vp and downe.
The pining labourer doth begge his bread.
The plowswayne seek's his dinner from the towne,
O Prince, the wrong is thine, for vnderstand:
Many such robbries will vndoe thy land.

Epigr. 23. *Ad Do. Mountioy.*

M*Ountioy* what is my muse, or my dull pen,
Or my forlorne conceipt, worthy of thee
The honoredst of honorable men,
Nobling with vertues thy Nobilitie?

Yet

Yet ſith thy fame through euery eare doth flie,
And all men praiſe thy worth : why ſhould not I?

Epigr. 24. In Cacum.

WHen *Cacus* wrong'de me, this was his excuſe,
I meant no harme: I thought thee no abuſe.
Well had he meant it worſe I could not ſpeede:
I could not ſealt his thought more then his deede.
I would haue thankt him had the caſe ſo ſtood,
That he had meant me harme and doone me good.

Epigr. 25. In eundem,

YOu did me harme, but meant not ſo to doe,
Since you haue donne it *Cacus*, meane it ſo.

Epigr. 26. *Ad Georgium Morton Armig.*

MOrton whose face bewrayes antiquitie,
When men were goodly of proportion.
But in whose heart is true gentilitie,
In thee perfited, in thy race begonne.
Take these poore lines, as due to thy desart,
From him which owes to thee more then his heart.

Epigr. 27. *Ad Richardum Eeds.*

EEds, onely thou an Epigram dost season,
With a sweete tast and relish of enditing.
With sharpes of sense, and delicates of reason,
With salt of witt and wonderfull delighting.
For in my judgement him thou hast expresst,
In whose sweet mouth hony did build her nest.

Epigr.

Epigr. 28. *Ad Guilielmum Suttonum.*

WHen breath and life through my cold miſerie,
Did euen fayle, and hope had made an end,
Thou *Sutton* did'ſt put breath and life in me,
With the ſweet comforts of a faithfull friend.
O that I likewiſe might keepe thee from death
With my pens life, and with my papers breath.

Epigr. 9.

NEuer ſo many maſters any knew,
And ſo fewe gentlemen in ſuch a crewe.
Neuer ſo many houſes, ſo ſmall ſpending.
Neuer ſuch ſtore of coyne: ſo little lending.
Neuer ſo many coſins: ſo fewe kynde.
Goodmorrowes plenty, good wils heard to finde.
Neuer ſo many clerkes, neere learning leſſe.

Many religious, but leaſt godlineſſe.
Juſtice is baniſhed, lawe breeds ſuch ſtrife,
And trueth: and why? for ſwearing is ſo rife.
Thus in her ſtrength of cauſes vertue dieth,
But vice without a cauſe ſtill multipleth.

Epigr. 30. *Ad Cacum.*

THere was preſented you an odd Libell
For which you knowe *Cacus*, you payd me well,
But well I knowe, of me ſir you had none,
Remember then *Cacus*, I owe you one.

Epigr. 31. *In Libellum.*

LIbel all rawe with indigeſted ſpite,
Whoſe witt doth droppe inuenym de iniurie.
Whoſe pen leakes blots of ſpiteſull infamie,

Which

Which the ſynke of thy paper doth receire.
Why doſt thou boaſt? for if thou had'ſt don well.
In naughty things twere eaſie to excell.

Epigr. 32. *Ad Matbonem.*

Matho, if common liking might ſuffice,
And temprate iudgement, when you do repeat,
Then would I praiſe your verſes once or twiſe.
But I muſt rage and cry, and ſweare and ſweat,
I muſt condemne the writers of all ages,
And wrong diuiner wits which were before:
When hauing ſpent and conſum'de all my praiſes
Yet you reade on, and yet you looke for more.
Henceforth looke for no praiſe at your recyting.
Wordes are but winde, i'le ſet it downe in writing.

Epigr. 33.

A Wealch and Engliſh man meete on the way,
*B*oth poore, both proud, full of ſmall courteſy.
They fall in talke till each of them diſplay,
*B*oth their great mindes, and ſmall abilitie.
The wealch man from one word of diſcontent,
Of an huge quarrell tooke occaſion:
Telling the engliſhman he ſhould repent,
For he ſhould fight with all his nation.
The engliſh man would put vp no diſgrace,
*B*ut ſaid I will, doe you appoint the place.

Epigr. 34. *in Thymum.*

T*Hymus* is ſo enſpirde ſo mortifide,
*S*o pure a ghoſt, ſo heauenly ſpirituall:
That all things elſe to God he hath deny'd,
Feete,

Feete, knees, hands, breaſt, face, eyes, lips, tongue & all.
As falſe religion he doth reuile it,
Which loues the knees, or any outward part.
With his ſtinking lounges will not defile it.
Nor with his pureſt blood, nor with his heart,
In ſpirit he doth ride, walkes, eates, and drinkes
In ſpirit he hates, he rayles, *I* worſe then this,
He cares not what the vulgar ſort do thinke,
Alas they knowe not of what ſpirit he is,
Neyther know I, yet thinke I of an euill,
And feare his ſpirit will turne into a deuill.

Epigr. 35.

D*Aeus* noſe when time of death drew neere,
So hideouſly did ſwell, none could ſuppoſe
What was the cauſe, two beds prepared were,
One for *Daeus*, to'ther for his noſe.

One

One ſaid it bredd a wolfe: againe another,
Did iudge the tympany the cauſe of riſing:
Some ſayde it was tormented with the mother.
Some with the ſcurvies for not exerciſing.
Being ript vp, the cauſe of death was ſpied.
Ten thouſand ieſtes were found, wherof it died.

Epigr. 36.

THe peaſant *Cornus* of his wealth doth boaſt,
Yet he ſcarſe worth twiſe twenty pounds at moſt,
I chanc'de to worde once with this lowſie ſwayne,
He calde me baſe, and beggar in diſdaine.
To try the trueth hereof I rate my ſelfe.
And caſt the little count of all my wealth.
See how much Hebrew, Greeke, and Poetry,
Latin, Rhetorique and Philoſophye.
Reading and ſenſe in ſciences profound,
All valued, are not worth forty pounds.

Epigr.

Epigr. 37.

MAtho in wealth and eaſe, at libertye,
Expreſſeth neither witt nor honeſty.
But is ſecure and idle, dull and vaine,
His pleaſures man, and his ſweete fortunes ſwayne.
But when he is awakt with miſery.
With executions, and pouertie.
When he is quite vndonne and nothing worth.
Then like a viper his witt crawleth foorth.

Epigr. 38. *In Seuerum.*

SEuerus hates my pens lycentious grace.
He liked not of my gadding poetry.
He tearmes my writing like the wildgooſe race,
In fine he ſaith that all is vanity.

Away

Away ſaith he, I like not this redundance,
Away with him, a Poet is abundance.

Epigr. 39. Ad Eſſexiæ comitem.

IF I could turne my verſe into deſart,
Or tune my ſenſe to thy nobilitie.
Great *Eſſex*, then ſhould'ſt thou enioy my arte,
And chalenge me thy Poet worthely.
But ſince I cannot equall thee with art
Take thy reward out of thine owne deſart.

Finis Libri Tertij.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ.
Liber Quartus.

Epigr. 1. *Ad Librum ſuum.*

LYe nót my booke for that were wickednes,
Be not too idle, idle though thou be.
Eſchewe ſcurrilitie and wantonneſſe.
Temper with little mirth, more grauity.
Rayle not at any leaſt thy friends forſake thee.
In earneſt cauſe of writing ſhew thy witt.
Touch none at all that no man may miſtake thee.
But ſpeake the beſt, that all may like of it,
If any aske thee what I doe profeſſe,
Say that, of which thou art the idleneſſe.

Epigr.

Epigr. 2. Ad Do. Mountioy.

MOuntioy, among the labours of my pen,
Which my glad muſe aſpireth to preſent,
To thee as worthieſt of all other men,
Of thee as patron and high preſident,
If any had, theſe had bin worthy beſt:
But ſince all are, theſe are vnworthy leaſt.

Epigr. 3. Ad Librum ſuum.

MY booke, ſome handes in *Oxford* wil thee take,
And beare thee home, and louingly reſpect thee
And entertaine thee for thy maſters ſake:
And for thy maſters ſake ſome will reiect thee.
But to my faithfull friendes commend I thee.
And to mine enemies, commend thou me.

Epigr

Epigr. 4. Ad vtranque Academiam.

YE famous sister Vniuersities, (hate?
Oxford and *Cambridge*, whence proceeds your
Brothers rare concord do ye imitate,
Each greeting each with mutuall iniuries?
Brothers fall out and quarrell I confesse,
But sisters loue; for it becomes you lesse.

Epigr. 5. Ad easdem.

VVHy striue ye sisters for antiquitie?
Can not your present honour you suffice?
VVhy striue ye sisters for that vanitie.
VVhich if ye sawe as twas, you would despise?
You must make loue: loue is your surest hold,
Others must honour you and make you olde.

Epigr.

Epigr. 6. De ſua Clepſydra.

SEtting mine howre glaſſe for a witneſſe by
To meaſure ſtudie as the time did fly:
A lingring muſe poſſeſte my thinking brayne:
My minde was reaching, but in ſuch a veyne,
As if my thoughtes by thinking brought a ſleepe,
Wingleſſe & footeleſſe, now like ſnailes did creepe.
I eyde my glaſſe, but he ſo faſt did ronne,
That ere I had begonne, the howre was donne.
The creeping ſandes with ſpeedy pace were flitt,
Before one reaſon crept out of my witt.
When I ſtoode ſtill I ſawe how time did fly.
When my wits ranne, time ranne, more faſt then I,
Stay heere, ile change the courſe, let ſtudy paſſe
And let time ſtudy while I am the glaſſe.
What touch ye ſands? are little mites ſo fleete?
Can bodies ronne ſo ſwift which haue no feete?

And

And can ye tomble time ſo faſt away?
Then farewell howers, I'le ſtudy by the day.

Epigr. 7.

OVr fathers did but vſe the world before.
And hauing vſde did leaue the ſame to vs.
We ſpill what euer reſteth of their ſtore.
What can our heyres inherit but our curſe?
For we haue ſuckt the ſweete and ſappe away,
And ſowd conſumption in the fruitfull ground:
The woods and foreſts cladd in rich aray,
With nakedneſſe and baldneſſe we confounde.
We haue defaſt the laſting monymentes
And cauſ'd all honour to haue ende with vs:
The holy temples feele our rauiſhments.
What can our heyres inherit but our curſe?
The world muſt ende, for men are ſo accurſt,
Vnleſſe God ende it ſooner: they will furſt,

Epigr. 8. *Ad Iohannem VVhitegift, Arth. Cant.*

WHitegift, whom gratious honour entertaines.
Welcome as to the yeare the gladsome May,
Welcome as is the morning to the day,
Welcome as sleepe vnto the weary swaynes:
The fayre *Elisa* white with heauenly praises:
The Gods white Church adorned doth set forth,
The all white meaning and excelling worth:
The vertue white aboue all honour raises.
Yet let my pen present this little storie.
Vnto the endlesse volume of thy glorie.

Epigr. 9. *In adorantes reliquias.*

IS it a worthy thing to digge vp bones?
To kisse, t'adore the reliques of dead men?

Alas

Alas how fooliſh were thoſe ſily ones,
Which in times paſt did nought but burie them?
But they perhaps for ſtinke did then refraine:
But you doe worſe to make them ſtinke againe.
Yet in the very ſtinking this is odd,
They ſtank to men then, now they ſtinke to God.

Epigr. 10. *Comparatio Cranmeri & Mutij.*

LIke *Mutius Cranmer* thou diddeſt burne thine (hand
LO but I iniure thee thus to compare.
Nothing was like, the fire, the cauſe, the man.
Yet likeſt you of all that ſtored are.
He had a Theatre of men to ſee
What thou didſt repreſent to Angels eyes.
He burnt his hand to cinders careleſly,
Which thou by burning diddeſt ſacrifice.

Thou diddeſt ſowe thine hand into the flame,
Which he conſumde and could not reape againe.
Thy loue did quench the burning of the ſame,
Acting with pleaſure what he did with paine.
In him twas wonder that he did preſume,
To touch the flame with fleſh contaminated.
In thee twas wonder that the fire did burne.
An holy hand to glory conſecrated.

Eigr. 11.

P*Vblius* hath two brothers fowle and cleane.
The fowle is honeſt, and the cleane a foole:
He in the middeſt maketh vp the meane,
Sitting in vertues place: ſo ſaith our ſchoole:
Of his extreames neither alowe he can
The cleane ſoole, nor the filthy honeſt man.

Epigr.

Epigr. 12. *De Lato & Bito.*

LÆtus doth pittie *Bitus* for his wantes,
And low deſires, & meane hopes, & poore fare:
For ſmall houſe and little houſhold plantes.
For his plainneſſe, and for his honeſt care,
Bitus doth pittie *Lætus* happineſſe,
And his great houſe, ſweet friend's & dangers ſtore,
His heedleſſe good and ſteepe preſumptuouſneſſe,
His merry heart and thoughts aſpyring more.
Thus each do ſee into the others woe.
But *Bitus* is more mercifull of the two.

Epigr. 13.

INdie newe found the Chriſtian faith doth holde,
Reioycing in our heauenly merchandize.
Which we haue chang'd for pretious ſtones & gold

And pearle and feathers, and for Popingyes.
Now are they louing, meeke and vertuous,
Contented, ſweetly with poore godlineſſe.
Nowe are we ſaluage, fierce and barbarous,
Rich with the fuell of all wickedneſſe.
So did *Eliſhaes* ſeruant *Gehazye*,
With *Naamans* goold, buy *Naamans* leproſye.

Epigr. 14.

Rufus hath ſpent his gummes and vnderlippe,
Cancelde his face, vndonne his faithfull eyes,
And ſearde his throate with many a ſcalding ſipp,
Of *Ala fortis* where his treaſure lies.
Onely his noſe remaines to comfort him,
Which hath encroacht ore all the partes beſide,
Erecting *Trophees* ore his conquered chinn.
Fayre creſted, tall, voluminous and wide.

Vnder

Vnder whose cou'ring his face lyeth low.
Tanquam sub Aeacis clypeo.

Epigr. 15. *De lue Mahometica.*

WHen *Pan* forsooke the mountaines & the rocks,
where he did leade his heards, & his great flocks
And that sweete pipe to which the hils did dance,
Was split a sunder, a most wofull chance.
And the worldes heart was smitten in her brest,
And the bright Sunne, declined in the East.
And the blinde Locustes, crau'de no other light,
Then for their Sunne the black pits smoaking night.
Sodome forsooke her sea, where she lay dead.
And with *Gomorrhe* all *Asia* ouerspread.

Epigr. 16. *Ad Reginam.*
Elizabetham.

WHen in thy flowring age thou did'ſt beginne,
Thy happy reigne, *Eliza*, bleſſed Queene.
Then as a flowre thy country gan to ſpring,
All things as after winter waxed greene:
No riper time ſhakes of thy flowring yeeres,
Thy greenneſſe ſtayes, our budd continueth.
No age in thee or winters face appeares.
And as thou, ſo thy country floriſheth.
As if that greenneſſe and felicitie,
Thy land did giue, which it receiues from thee.

Epigr. .17

THe Sonn which ſhines amid the heauē ſo bright
And guides our eyes to heauen by his light:

Will

Will not be gazde on of a ſleſhly eye:
But blinds that ſight which dares to ſee ſo hye:
Euen he doth tell vs that heauen doth require,
Far better eyes of them which would ſee higher.

Epigr. 18. *Ad Comitem Eſſexia, de expeditione in Hiſpaniam.*

BEing in armes, how did'ſt thou furiouſly,
With fire and ſword thy trembled hand diſplay
Which did'ſt become after the victory.
Sweete to the captiues, gentle to the pray?
Teach *Spaine*, *Demox*, as thou haſt well begunn
Not to dare fight, but dare to b'ouercome.

Epigr. 19. *Ad eundem*

E*Sſex* bring to E*liſa* youth and life.
Sing her a ſleepe with ioyfull victories.

Leaue

Leaue to her enemies deſpaire and ſtriſe,
Wake them with wofull wars, and fearfull cries.
Of conquering vs how fowly doe they miſſe.
Which feele our force, and enuy at our bliſſe.

Epigr. 20.

SHeepe haue eate vp our medows & our downes,
Our corne, our wood, whole villages & townes,
Yea, they haue eate vp many wealthy men.
*Be*ſides widowes and Orphane childeren.
*Be*ſides our ſtatutes and our iron lawes,
Which they haue ſwallowed down into their maws.
Till now I thought the prouerbe did but ieſt,
Which ſaid a blacke ſheepe was a biting beaſt.

Epigr.

Epigr. 21.

MOuntioy, thy vetue and thy ſecret woorth,
My lowe enditing ſeeketh not to raiſe.
Heres no inuention to ſet thee forth.
Here is no painted ſtile, no borrowed phraiſe.
Yet breathing tables ſweetly thee reſemble,
And thy fayre image dwels in liuing hearts:
But leaſt ſucceeding ages ſhould diſſemble,
And time obſcure the glory of thy partes.
While thou doſt liue giue life vnto my pen,
Which when thou dyeſt will pay it the agen.

Epigr. 22. *Ad Lectorem.*

REader, I grant I doe not keepe the lawes,
Of riming in my verſe: but I haue cauſe:
I turne the pleaſure of the ende ſometimes,
Leaſt he that likes them not ſhould call thē rymes.

Epigr.

Epigr. 23. De tribus pueris in fornace ignea.

WHat were the children *Nabucadneſſar*,
Which walking in the fornace thou did'ſt ſee?
Was each an Angel, or an heauenly ſtarre,
Aboue the act of natures ſouereignt:e?
Were they three wedges of the fineſt goold,
Which the heauens treaſurer doth ſo deſire?
Or had they power to turne the heat to colde?
Were they three Salamanders in the fire?
The flame was martyred with her heat ſpent,
And the fire ſuffred for the innocent.

Epigr. 24. Epitaphium Cannij.

OF fighting *Cannius* here lye the bones,
Which neuer receiued the lye but ones.

He

He thought to auenge him; he drew forth his ſword.
He ventured his life vpon a bare word.
Now I ſay he lyeth, in him the cauſe is,
Had he tane that lye, he had not tane this.

Epigr. 25

OVr *Water* Drake long ſeas, ſtrange ieopardies,
Farr countries, great attempts haue ouertane.
Hee payde his life there, whence his glory came,
Adorne him *India* for in thee he lies,
We haue a worthier worthy of our ſtate.
And would not leaue our *Water* for our Drake.

Epigr. 26.

I*Ndie* which ſo long fearde, now hath our *Drake*,
Her feare lyes buried in her golden ſands.

Which

Which we will oft reuisite for his sake,
Till we haue ransomde him out of her handes.
You which will venter for a goolden pray,
Go on braue lads, by *Water* is your way.

Epigr. 27. *In cultum reliquiarum.*

TO seeke thee in thy Tombe sweete Iesu when,
The women with their oyntment hastened:
Two Angels did appeare, forbidding them
To seeke thee liuing there among the dead.
Did *Rome* by diuing in the tombes of saintes,
But seeke the liuing whence they now are sled,
Yet might they heare the Angels making plaint.
Seeke not the liuing *Rome* among the dead.
But to tye holy worshipp to dead bones,
To bowe religion to the wicked trust
Of crosses, reliques, ashes, stickes and stones.

To

To throwe downe liuing men to honour duſt:
Is not to ſeeke, but like *Mezentius* rather,
To ioyne the liuing and the dead together.

Epigr. 28. *Epitap. Richardi Pinner.*

HEre lyes *Dicke Pinner*. O vngentle death,
Why didſt thou rob *Dick Pinner* of his breath
For liuing he by ſcraping of a pinn:
Made better duſt then thou haſt made of him.

Epigr. 29. *Ad Lectorem.*

READer but halfe my labour is expirde,
And Poet, matter, witt and all are tyrde.
Thriſe fiftie labours haue worne out my veyne,
An hundred meanings and an halfe remayne,

Here

Heere would I reſt were my firſt worke to doe,
VVere the laſt at an end, heere would I to.

Epigr. 30.

Melus was taught to ſpeake, to read, to write,
Yet clerkly ſooth he can do none of theſe.
He learned Logicke and Arithmetique.
Yet neither brauls nor ciphers worth a peaze.
The muſicke ſchoole did teach him her ſweet art.
He dealt with *Rhetorique* and Aſtrologie.
Yet nether can he chaunt it for his part,
Ne can he tell a tale, or prophe ſie,
And yet he rides as ſcholer like (tis thought)
As neuer any: yet was neuer taught.

Epigr.

Epigr. 31. *De Franciſco Walſingham & Philippo Sidneio Equit.*

SIr *Francis* and ſir *Philip*, haue no Toombe,
Worthy of all the honour that may be.
And yet they lye not ſo for want of roome,
Or want of loue in their poſteritie.
Who would from liuing hearts vntombe ſuch ones,
To bury vnder a fewe marble ſtones?
Vertue dyes not, her tombe we neede not raiſe,
Let thē truſt tombs which haue outliu'd their praiſe.

Epigr. 32.

WHen I beholde with deepe aſtoniſhment,
To famous *Weſtminſter* how there reſorte,
Liuing in braſſe or ſtony monyment,
The princes and the worthies of all ſorte:

Doe not I see reformde Nobilitie,
Without contempt or pride, or ostentation?
And looke vpon offenseleſſe Maiesty,
Naked of pompe or earthly dornination?
And howe a play-game of a painted stone,
Contents the quiet now and silent spirites.
Whome all the world which late they stood vpon,
Could not content nor squench their appetites,
Life is a frost of cold felicity.
And death the thawe of all our vanitie.

Epigr. 33.

THe first and riper world of men and skill,
Yeeldes to our later time for three inuentions,
Miracolously we write, we saile, we kill,
As neither ancient scroll nor story mentions,
Printe. The first, hath open'd learnings old conceald,

And

And obſcurde artes reſtored to the light,
The ſecond hidde countries hath reuealed, *Loade*
And ſent Chriſtes Ghoſpell to each liuing wight, *ſtone.*
Theſe we commend, but O what needed more.
To teach death more skill then it had before. *Gunns.*

Epigr. 34. *Ad Iohannem Reynolds*

DOe I call iudgement to my fooliſh rimes,
And rareſt art and reading them to viewe,
Reynoldes: Religions Oracle moſt true.
Mirrour of arte, and *Auſten* of our times?
For loue of theſe I call thee, which I pray,
That thou in reading theſe would'ſt put away.

Epigr. 35.

I Sawe a naked corpſe ſpread on the ground,
Ouer the dead I ſawe the liuing fight.

If euer ought my ſenſes did confound,
Or touch my heart, it was this wofull ſight.
To wound the graue, to dare the dead to dye.
To ſprinkle life on aſhes putrifide.
To weepe with blood, to mourne with villanie,
To looke on death and not be mortifide.
Such funerals if we ſuſtaine to keepe,
I thinke the dead will riſe, and for vs weepe.

Epigr. 36.

Chito and *Trogus* ſinn th'extremitie,
Chito of pride, *Trogus* of gluttonie.
Chito will weare his dinner on his backe.
Trogus will eate his ſhoes rather then lacke.
Chito hath earthen plate, but golden cuts:
Tragus hath a freize coate, butveluet guts.

Epigr.

Epigr. 37. *De Gualtero Deurox in expeditione gallica caſo*

TO Honour and bliſſe *Deurox* thou didſt aſpyre,
By worthy means, though fortune not thy friend
Tooke from thy ioyes, what vertue did deſire,
To giue thy life: but paide thee in thine ende.
Onely at this thy country doth repine,
That her reioycing is not ioynde with thine.

Epigr. 38. *Ad Lectorem.*

HAd I my wiſh contented I ſhould be,
Though nether rich nor better then you ſee.
For tis nor wealth nor honour that I craue,
But a ſhort life, Reader, and a long graue.

Epigr. 39. Ad Henricum Wottonem.

WOtton my little *Beere* dwels on a hill,
Vnderwhose foot the siluer Trowt doth swim
The Trowt siluer without and goold within,
Bibbing cleere *Nectar*, which doth aye destill
From *Nulams* lowe head; there the birds are singing
And there the partiall Sunnne still giues occasion,
To the sweete dewes eternall generation:
There is greene ioy and pleasure euer springing,
O iron age of men, O time of rue.
Shame ye not that all things are goold but you?

Epigr. 40.

MY merry exercises of conceipt,
When I was once in a seuerer veyne.

Had

Had felt one daſh, my fury was ſo great,
Vp was my pen and ſcarſe could I refraine,
When two or three beſpeake which I lik't beſt,
And for their ſakes I pardon'd all the reſt.

Finis Libri quarti.

M

To
If
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If

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ.
Liber Quintus.

Epigr. 1 *Ad Do. Mountioy.*

Mountioy if I haue praiſed worthy men,
And with ſafe liberty contented me,
Touching no ſtates with my preſumptious pen:
If from all ſecret biting I am free:
I hope I ſhall not looſe thy patronage,
If I doe lawfull thinges and voyde of feare,
If hunt the Fox if bring the Ape on ſtage,
If I doe whip a curr or baite the Beare,
For theſe are exerciſes of ſuch ſorte,
As ly alike to earneſt and to ſporte.

Epigr.

Epigr. 2. *Ad Lectorem.*

AN heauie booke reader my weary pen,
Doth here preſent to thee, which doth containe
The faultes and euils of ſo many men,
With which my paper doth euen ſinke againe.
They haue confeſt their ſinnes into my booke,
Which here vnloaded, all they haue forſaken.
Now for newe faults and errours they muſt looke.
Cleere of the olde which I haue vndertaken.
If I keepe them, their record will remaine.
If I doe not, they will returne againe.

Epigr. 3.

THough choiſe of faultes, and pureſt vice ſelected
Be my bookes ſubiect here by me detected:
Yet he that blames the writer is not wiſe,
He giues vice a perſon, not perſons vice.

Epigr.

Epigr. 4. *In Getam.*

GÆta from wooll and weauing firſt beganne,
Swelling and ſwelling to a gentleman.
When he was gentleman, and brauely dight
He left not ſwelling till he was a knight.
At laſt, (forgetting what he was at furſt)
He ſwole to be a Lord: and then he burſt.

Epigr. 5. *In Seuerum.*

SEuerus hath no touch of eloquence.
He can not double with a ſtrayne of witt.
A ridled ſentence floates aboue his ſenſe.
Figures are miſteries and farre vnfitt.
Well mett *Seuerus*, for to tell ye true.
This is a booke of vulgars made for you.

Epigr.

Epigr. .6 In Candidum.

WHen my friend *Candidus* was in diſtreſſe,
Methought I ioyed true felicitie.
To loue his woe it was my happineſſe.
And to feele halfe of my friends miſery.
But when his fortune turnd about her wheele.
And melancholy good did ourtake him,
I was no fitt companion for his weale.
From thence began my woe and my forſaking.
For now he keepes the good as cruellie.
As franke of late he ſpent the euill on me.

Epigr. 7. In Thymum.

THymus doth ſpeake how all the fathers olde,
Were men, & therfore thinks he may be bold.
He bluſheth not S. *Auſten* to diſgrace.
Ambroſe, and *Ierome*, when he comes in place.
He cytes *S. Bernarde* and S. *Gregorie*,

And

And then Caſſeers them of his homely.
He names *S. Chryſoſtome* with much a doe,
And of the fathers Greeke, more, one or two.
All theſe by ſpeaking *Thymus* doth defame,
And would abuſe more if he knew their name.

Epigr. 8. *In Cacum.*

Cacus though nothing but a loafe perdy,
He ſett before his hungry friends at boorde:
Yet he prates of the ſinn of gluttony,
And how that ſurfeyt kils more then the ſworde,
How three at *Belinſgate* with Oyſters dy'de
Howe ſixe vpon one Cabidge ſurfeyted.
Of theſe he prates and many moe beſide
Fearing leaſt we ſhould ſurfeite on his bread.
Cacus haue donne, for we may ſurfeite heare
Well with thy words, but hardly with thy cheare.

Epigr

Epigr. 9

Richard gaue money vnto *Chriſtopher*,
Which ſhould but ſay he was an vſurer.
For though poore *Richard* neuer yet could lend,
Neither could borrow of his deereſt friend:
Yet he did thinke the name of vſurie,
Should gett him creditt, wealth and honeſty.
O wretched age of ours, O times accurſt,
We are aſhamd'e of all ſhames ſaue the worſt.

Epigr. 10. In Mirum.

Reader be iudge betweene *Mirus* and me,
And as thou iudgeſt it, ſo it ſhall be.
I blame vnſeemely things with modeſty.
He railes vpon me moſt reprochfully.
I rayle at none, but hauing ſhewde the vice,

Onely

Onely commend the good, and warne the wise.
Should I commend the bad? but that were sinne,
Should I dispraise the good? that would please him;
Should I write nothing, and my pen refraine?
There is so much matter, who can abstaine?

Epigr. 11. *In Seuerum.*

Seuerus notes how euery verse begins,
And still he saith, he findes lesse ads then ins,
Lesse ads then ins? why should it not be so?
If men be nought is it my fault or no?
Or should I praise vice, and commend a spott?
Beare witnesse reader I commend it not.
And yet I spare it, but I spare it so,
I giue a great Asse but a little blow.

Epigr.

Epigr. 12. *In Bardum.*

BArdus eates cruſts and ſhrids of Barly bread,
Parings of cheeſe, and drippings of the meate,
Steru'de mutton, beefe with ſoote bemartelled,
And skinn and bones: all theſe will *Bardus* eate.
He ends the loafe, he fleas the cheeſe, (O teeth)
And when the bones dance naked then he praies.
He makes the ſoote ſmoake out of ruſty beefe,
And that which hunger kilde, his hunger ſtayes,
And yet his father is no dogge I ſee.
His father is not, but his ſonne may be.

Epigr. 13.

AKnot of mariage legitimate,
Was knitt betweene *Fauſta* and *Fortunate*.
She had enterred husbands ſeauen before.

He

He foure and three wiues buried and no more.
And now they ſtriue which of them ſhall die furſt,
For in my iudgement neither is the worſt.
Phiſition *Lanio* if he ſhould come thether,
He would perhaps vnknitt them both together.

Epigr. 14. *Thymum.*

THymus hath ſinnde the ſinne of ſymony.
Both for himſelfe and all poſteritie.
He hath made cleane diſpache and quite remou'd
That holy land, ſo long ſo deerely lou'de:
Better for their ſoules health prouide who coulde,
Which ſhall not ſinn hereafter thoughthey would?

Epigr. 15. *In Caſtorem.*

CAſtor at euery faſhions new diſguiſe,
Is mou'de to ſpeake, (the cauſe doth ſo require.
And vanity doth ſo offend his eyes)
How men like monſters wander in attyre.
But the ſame faſhions which he ſo did ſcoffe,
Long after like repentance he doth weare.
After the brauer ſorte haue caſt them off.
Like faſhions counting booke, or regeſture.
Or like an Epitaph, which ſtill doth cry.
Loa here the ende of all our brauerie.

Epigr. 16. *In Brillum.*

BRillus is neither proud nor timerous,
Nor of the ſwearing cutt, as many be.
He is not falſe, he is not couetous,

He

He is not amorous, he is not he.
He is not giuen to the sinn of wine,
And yet he is not honest for all this,
How euer secretly he doth decline.
I cannot but commend him for the misse.

Epigr. 17 *In S. Q. C. &c.*

S*Extus* and *Quintus*, *Caius*, and the rest,
Looke for their commendations with the best.
Quintus hath a large house, which may containe,
Three Lords, with roome to spare, & al their traine;
Sextus hath corne and all prouision meete,
To vittaile, if need should require a fleete.
Caius by th'yeare a thousand pounds may spend,
Dacus may loane three thousand to his friend.
How could I praise these, lesse I vnderstood,
The future tense of the potentiall moode?

Epigr. 18.

A Wonderfull ſcarſety will ſhortly enſue,
Of Butchers, of Bakers, of all ſuch as brewe.
Of Tanners, of Taylers, of Smithes and the reſt.
Of all occupations that can expreſ'de,
In the yeare of our Lorde, ſix hundred and ten.
I thinke: for all theſe will be Gentlemen.

Epigr. 19. *in Philonem.*

PHilo if naked loue you aske of me.
White loue, cleare loue, and ſuch as loued was
Of our forefathers in ſimplicity:
Then loue and looke on me, I am your glaſſe.
This cuts you off: your friend, muſt fawne & flatter,
Nay more then this, your friend muſt you beelie:
I to your face: and that for no ſmall matter,

But

But for your woorth, your witt and honeſty.
This cuts me of: the cauſe if you require,
I would not haue my friend proue me a lyar.

Epigr. 20. *In Miſum & Mopſam.*

Miſus and *Mopſa* hardly could agree,
Striuing about ſuperioritie.
The text which ſayth that man and wife are one.
Was the chiefe argument they ſtoode vpon.
She held they both one woman ſhould become.
He held both ſhould be man, and both but one.
So they contended dayly, but the the ſtrife,
Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

Epigr. 21. *In Gillonem.*

YOu which haue ſorrows hidde bottom ſounded,
And felt the ground of teares and bitter mo n:

You may conceiue how *Gilloes* heart is wounded,
And iudge of his deepe feeling by your owne.
His toothleſſe wife then ſhe was left for dead.
When graue and all was made, recouered.

Epigr. 22. *In Lanionem medicum.*

PHiſition *Lanio* neuer will forſake,
His golden patiente while his head doth ake:
When he is dead farewell, he comes not there.
He hath nor cauſe, nor courage to appeare.
He will not looke vpon the face of death,
Nor bring the dead vnto her mother earth.
I will not ſay, but if he did the deede,
He muſt be abſent, leſſe the corpſe ſhould bleed.

Epigr.

Epigr. 23. *in Dacum.*

D*Acus* hath all things that he can deſire,
He hath fayre land, and yellow goold to ſpare.
The good of which God knows he comes not nere
But pickes out paine, and feedeth on the care.
He will not warme his backe with one good coate
Nor ſpend one penny to offend his ſtore.
He will not feaſt his belly with a groate.
Hunger and he, are matches and no more.
Heele taſt no ſweete of all his happineſſe.
Belike he knowes his owne vnworthineſſe.

Epigr. 24.

OVr peruerſe age doth recon leaſt of all,
Of the true noble, plaine, and liberall.
And giueth honour moſt iniurious.

Vnto the baſe, craftie and couetous.
What makes the good repine? what wrongs the wiſe?
What is the ſpoyle of all? fortunate vice.

Epigr. 25. in Timonem.

Timon is ſicke of ſeuen which deadly be.
And yet not like to die for ought I ſee.
He hath the ſoggie ſinn of Ale and cakes.
He hath the ſinn of lace and fuſtniapes,
He hath the ſeeing ſinn the heartes great'ſt woe.
And yet he hath the ſinn, of winken to.
He hath the ſparrowes ſinn, & theſe which follow,
He hath, he hath, the redd ſinn and the yellow.

Epigr.

Epigr. 26. In Septimium.

SEptimius doth excell for daintie cheere,
His diet is olde Mutton and new beere.
And ſugred muſtard and ſweete vinegeere.

Epigr. 27. In Cophum.

COphus doth liue as if he could beſtowe,
Life on his friende, and life vpon his foe.
As if he had a life to ſport and play.
As if he had a life to caſt away.
As if he had change of liues, and life did ſound,
Not as one farthing of his thouſand pound.
As if his landes were wondrous large and great.
And life but one ſmall duſt to that huge heape.
Yet life is all his goold, and all his land.
Himſelfe and all, if he did vnderſtand.

Epigr.

Epigr. 28. *Tranſlatum ex Martiali.*

NEighbours, I meruaile much to ſee your ſtrife,
Since ye are ſo well matcht, ſo like of life,
A moſt vile husband, a moſt wicked wife.

Epigr. 29. *In Lalum.*

A Dry beame feedes the mind, as *Pyndar* writes,
And quickneth reaſon with refined ſpirits.
But your conceipt is dull and nothing ſuch,
Lalus; I thinke you wett your mind to much.

Epigr. 30. *In Caſtorem.*

THe gooldſmith guildeth ſiluer, tinn or braſſe,
The painter paints on wood or baſer ſtone.
What gooldſmith guilded goold that euer was?

What

What painter euer painted rubies? none.
But *Castor* paints himselfe, and thinks it good.
To steale away his pictures praise from wood:

Epigr. 31. *In Lotum.*

LOtus owes little vnto memory,
He will forget his purse, his cloake, his hat,
I, both a good turne and an iniury.
His friend, himselfe, and more I know not what.
Nothing remaines of all things more and lesse,
To be forgotten, but forgetfulnesse.

Epigr. 32. *In Momum.*

HEaring my short writs, *Momus* saith of me,
Why should not I endite as well as he?

As

As well as I *Momus*? ſo mought ye doe,
Rather then I ſhould write as well as you.

Epigr. 33. *in Vlyſſem.*

Vlyſſes hauing ſcapt the ocean floood.
Twiſe ten yeares pilgrimage in foreyn landes.
And the ſweete deathes of *Syrens* tunde with blood,
And *Cyclops* iawes, and *Circes* charming handes:
Comes home, and ſeeming ſaſe, (as he miſtakes)
He ſteps awrie, and fals in to a *Aiax*.

Epigr. 34. *in Medonta.*

TOward my marte, *Medon*, I will ſaid I
Preſent you with a booke (but you refuſed)
Which for your kindneſſe ſake I did denie.
Then you replinde as being more abuſed.

And

And cauſe you had of both to be afraide.
Whether it were to paie, or to be paide.

Epigr. 35.

VVIth charge of ſoules as Polititians ſay,
Poſſeſſe one clerke ſhould but one benefice.
But without charge of ſoules, we ſee how they.
Sticke not to lay vp, fowre and ſeauen apiece.
We clerkes would keepe one liuing and no moe.
So you which are not clerks would keepe but two.

Epigr. 36. *in feſtum*

TEll *Feſtus* that this mirth and iollitie,
Theſe ſuts theſe feaſts, this daily flocking to him,
This gameling and this wanton luxurie,
This careleſſeneſſe, this free heart will vndoe him:

He

He cannot heare, his wits are not his owne,
But his ſweete fortunes, whoſe commaund is ſuch,
That *Feſtus* ſenſes quite are ouerthrowne,
Since ſhe gaue him of hers, a little too much.
Then why aduiſe you him? let it ſuffice,
That he doth that himſelfe muſt make him wiſe.

Epigr. 37. *In Asbeſtum.*

Chlorus was greene, when in his tenderneſſe,
Asbeſtus did contemne his litteneſſe.
Yet did he force his buds, and wreake his ſpite
Vpon his leaues before his fruite was ripe.
When thou bar'ſt fruite *Chlorus*, as little tree,
Then did *Asbeſtus* pull thy fruite from thee.
Till time drew on, which did his rage impeach,
And bare thy fruite on high, aboue his reach:

Then

Then other meanes, by malice, he had none,
To worke reuenge, but hang himselfe thereon.

Epigr. 38. *in Scillam.*

NO enemie of *Scillas* can accuse him,
Of any wrong or villanie pretended.
Of any prouocation or abusing,
Or the least cause why they should be offended.
Yet *Scilla* hath a fault to make amendes.
He will abuse none but his deerest friends.

Epigr. 39. *in Merum.*

M*Erus* doth reconcile Philosophie,
To bellies want and backes necessitie.
This Moone will cause much appetite of meat,
The outward colde doubling the inward heate.

Shew

Shew him your flocke: and he will vndertake,
How many ierkins all their wooll will make.
Shew him an hundred beeues: heele make a plaine
Account, how many dinners they contayne.
Drinke you Tabaccho nere ſo ſecretly,
Yet by the ſmoake heele tell the quantitie.

Epigr. 40. in Caſtorem.

CAſtor doth grauely ſhake his holow beard,
And talkes of pollicy and feates of warre.
Matters of ſtate and rule, I am afearde,
He mindes to be ſome princes counſeller.
Yet many miſſe which ayme in ſuch a ſort,
I thinke heele neuer be but of the court.

Epigr. 40.

SOme vnderſtand my meaning as it is:
Some vnderſtand it worſe; againe ſome better:
They doe me right which read, and doe not miſſe.
But to the other two I am a detter.
The beſt I will requite the beſt I may.
The worſt ſhall truſt me if I cannont pay.

Finis Libri quinti.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ.
Liber Sextus.

Epigr. 1. *Ad Lectorem.*

SOme mirth doth pleaſe, to ſome it is offence.
Some will haue vices toucht, ſome none of that,
Some will haue ſleight cõceipt, ſome deeper ſenſe,
Some wil haue this, and ſome they know not what,
And he which muſt pleaſe all and himſelfe to,
Reader, I thinke ſomething he hath to doe.

Epigr. 2. *In Carum.*

CArus abuſeth mẽ and ſaith I fill,
My papers with fond trifles and delightes.
Would I could make ſo well as he can ſpill.

Yet is there ſomething more in my ſhort writs.
For tell me *Carus*, if I be ſo vaine,
As of meere courteſy you ſay I am:
Where did I borrow of an idle brain?
What common ieſt lent me an Epigram?
And yet I can be plaine, do not miſtake.
But if I be, it ſhall be for your ſake.

Epigr. 3. Ad Do. Mountioy.

NO *Helicone Mountioy*, no *Caſtale* well,
Shall wett my tongue to make thy praiſes laſt:
Thy praiſes they themſelues ſo ſweetly tell,
Welling forth from thy vertues fount ſo faſt.
That euen the muſes hence might fett ſupply.
To wett their tongues, if *Helicone* were dry.

Epigr.

Epigr. 4. Ad Rodulphum Horſee. equit.

*H*Orſee, my ſlender muſe not learn'd to flye,
But learn'd to ſpeake, & country ſongs to ſing:
Shall giue thy name winges of eternitie.
And liuing glory to thine aſhes bring:
Thou which did'ſt feed the homebred poets pen,
And cheered'ſt vp his ſad and heauy muſe,
Take thy reward among no vulgar men,
And theſe fewe greeting lines doe not refuſe,
Which haue no other duery to impart:
Then t'anſwere high deſarts with humble art.

Epigr. 5. in Philonem.

*P*Hilo, you loue a while vnfainedly.
But when with wrath enraged is your vaine,
Then you reueale what euer ſecretly,

The boſome of our friendſhip did containe.
Loue Captaynes *Philo* and *Italians:*
Fencers, ſouldiers and the gallant crewe.
And hauing tam'de your friendſhip by their hande,
Bring it to me and I will honour you.
Or if ye dare not loue to ſuffer wrong,
Then loue me *Philo*, but without a tongue.

Epigr. 6. ad Thomam Egerton equitem, cuſtodem magni ſigilli.

EGerton, all the artes, whom thou doſt cheriſh,
Sing to thy praiſes moſt melodiouſly.
And regiſter thee to eternitie:
Forbidding thee as thou doſt them to periſh.
And artes praiſe the, and ſhe which is aboue,
Whom thou aboue all artes doſt ſo protect.
And for her ſake all ſciences reſpect.

Artes

Arts ſoueraigne miſtreſſe, whom thy ſoule doth loue
Thus you as ſtars in earth and heauen ſhine.
Thou hers on earth, and ſhe in heauen thine.

Epigr. 7. *In prophanationem nominis Dei.*

GOds name is bare of honour in our hearing,
And euen worne out with our blaſphemous (ſwearing.
Betweene the infant & the aged both
The firſt and laſt they vtter, is an oath.
O helliſhe manners of our prophane age.
Iehouahs feare is ſcoft vpon the ſtage,
The Minicke ieſter, names it euery day.
Vnleſſe God be blaſphem'de, it is no play.

Epigr. 8.

VVHen the great foreſts dwelling was ſo wide,
Th And careleſſe wood grew faſt by the fires ſide:
n dogs did want the ſheepherds field to keepe.
Now we want Foxes to conſume our ſheepe.

Epigr. 9.

THey ſay the vſurer *Miſus* hath a mill,
Which men to powder grindeth cruelly.
But what is that to me? I feare no ill,
For ſmaller then I am I cannot be.

Epigr. 10. *De Philippo Hiſpaniæ Rege.*

IF workes doe ſaue, happy king *Philip* is,
He may ſet heauen to ſo high a priſe.

Since

Since all the goold of *Indie* now is his,
That he alone may purchase Paradise,
But merits saue, so saith the Church of *Rome*.
And *Philip* doth beleeue it verily,
With hired armes which renteth Christendome,
And with huge summes doth purchase villany
Gainst princes heads, these are his pretious balmes,
Fy *Rome*; teach you your king to giue such almes?

Epigr. 11. *In Thymum.*

AMong abuses which you speake vnto,
And iustly discommend (I know you doe.)
(For vice is stronge, and which I wonder more,
By multiplying stronger then before)
The paynting of the face which you detest,
Is one, and not the least among the rest.

But

But you paint ſermons to Gods wordes diſgrace,
Thymus I would you did but paint your face.

Epigr. 12.

THE wicked wound vs, yet aske why we bleede,
The wicked ſmite vs, yet aske why we cry:
They clip our winges, and yet would haue vs flye.
They aske more bricke, yet take away our reede.
And theſe not *Pharaohs* out of *Ægypt* ſpronge,
But our owne *Iſraelites* which do this wrong.
And we from ſtranger countries hauing reſt,
In our ſweete *Canaan* are thus oppreſt.

Epigr. 13.

THere is no fiſh in brookes little or great,
And why? for all is fiſh that comes to nett.

The

The ſmall eate ſweete, the great more daintely.
The great will ſeeth or bake, the ſmall will frye.
For rich mens tables ſerue the greater fiſh.
The ſmall are to the poore a daintie diſh,
The great are at their beſt, and ſerue for ſtore.
The ſmall once tane, keep e or you catch no more.
We muſt thanke ponds, for riuers we haue none.
The fowle ſwim in the brook, the fiſh are flowne.

Epigr. 14. *De Piſcatione.*

FIſhing, if I a fiſher may proteſt,
Of pleaſures is the ſweet'ſt, of ſports the beſt,
Of exerciſes the moſt excellent.
Of recreations the moſt innocent.
But now the ſport is marde, and wot ye why?
Fiſhes decreaſe, and fiſhers multiply.

Epigr.

Epigr. .15

COntent feedes not, one glory, or one pelfe,
Content can be contented with her ſelfe.

Epigr. 16. *Ad Samuelem Danielem.*

D*Amiell*, beſide the ſubiect of thy verſe,
With thy rich vaine and ſtile adorned ſo.
Beſides that ſweetnes with which I confeſſe,
Thou in thy proper kinde doſt ouerflowe.
Me thinkes thou ſteal'ſt my Epigrams away',
And this ſmall glory for which now I waite.
For reading thee me thinks thus would I ſay.
This hits my vaine, this had beene my conceipt.
But when I come my ſelfe to doe the like,
Then pardon me, for I am farre to ſeeke.

Epigr

Epigr. 17. *In Sextum.*

SExtus vpon a ſpleen, did, raſhly ſweare,
That no newe faſhion he would euer weare,
He was forſworne for ſee what did enſue,
He wore the olde, till the olde was the newe.

Epigr. 18, *in Scillam.*

SCilla were I in loue with brauerie,
With caualeers, and with the gallant crew,
With captaines, ſoldiers, and ſuch men as you
I neuer would forſake the company.
But if a word paſſe vnaduiſedly.
If eyther ieſt or earneſt pleaſe you not.
Out flies the dagger, friendſhip is forgot,
Stabbing is but a common courteſye.
And though the ſtranger catch it now and than,

The

The newe acquaintance at his firſt repaire,
And he that meets you in the ſtreet or fayre.
Yet for the moſt your friend is your firſt man,
How ſhould I dare loue him, which dares defend,
He is no man which dares not ſtab his friend?

Epigr. 19.

Lælus was noted for vaine talke and prating.
Carus for drinking and Tobaccho taking.
When they both dy'de and were ript vp apart,
One had no breath, the other had no heart.

Epigr. 20 *In hoſpitem quendam.*

Mine hoaſt *Porſenna*, when I am with you.
I muſt praiſe all, though all be out of faſhion.
Or elſe mine hoaſt will fight and his friendes to.

And

And his friends friends, & all the generation,
I dranke bad beere, my throate can say no leſſe.
I ſay ſo now, I durſt not ſay ſo then,
I ſupt with clownes, rough, rude and mannerleſſe.
But I muſt ſay, t'were courteous gentlemen,
I praiſde your building (if I may ſo terme it.)
Your hilly proſpect & your paſture thinne.
Your ayre, your language, though I could not learne
And all your pedegree, and all your kinn.
But iuſtly was I plaug'de for this I thinke.
For ſee, when I came home my breath did ſtinke.

Epigr. 21. *in* Cinnam.

CInna tolde a long tale to no effect,
Ile ſay ſo much quoth *Scilla* in a worde.
That happy worde we longing did expect.
And forth it came as leaſure could afford,

Which

Which when we heard much like the cuckoes ſong
The tale was ſhort, and *Scillus* worde was long.

Epigr. 22. *Ad Robertum Wiliams.*

WHo is my friend *Williams* doſt thou enquire?
He that will loue my want and pouertye,
He that will loue through water & through fire,
Through ſhame, through euery kinde of miſery.
Which will not ſcorſe me for a better friend,
Nor for ſweet goold the father of all ſtrife.
Which will not hate me though I doe offende,
Nor ſell mee for a tale, nor for his wife.
He whom I ſmooth, and round, & perfect proue,
Tyring out all the euils which moleſt me,
Making me happy with his conſtant loue,
Which is the earthly heauen where I reſt me:
He which doth loue, nor more nor leſſe then this.
He is my friend *VVilliams* and I am his.

Epigr,

Epigr. 23.

First *Clerus* by fayre flattrye Princes sought,
Then was cast of to the Nobilitie.
He flattred them till he was set at nought,
And was thrust downe to the gentilitie;
Now he speakes fayre to them and th'yeomanrye.

Epigr. 24.

OLde Abbeyes who that liues doth not despise,
Which knew their fall & knows they cānot rise?
And I despise the new, because I see.
They were, but are not; these will neuer be.
But wer't not sinne, and might I be so bold,
I would desire one newe for many olde.

Epigr. 25.

THe *Spaniardes* are a warlike nation,
We are more warlike as they know and feare,
But they are ſtrong to make inuaſion.
But we more ſtrong to chaſe them euery where,
But they haue multitudes to make ſupplye.
We are more peopled, fuller of freſh blood.
They loue their Prince and country zealouſly.
But we more zealous for our ſoueraignes good.
Yet we ſhould feare them for our wickedneſſe.
They are more wicked, here we onely leſſe.

Epigr. 26. *in Papam.*

THe Pope; when tender health her infant ſenſe,
Receiueth from the now approaching Sunne.
And new borne blood of heauens influence:

With

With prime of life to bloſſome hath begunne.
Forbids all fleſh and ſweeter nutriment,
Which ſappy Nature to lifes roote would laye.
Yea he forbids meates moſt indifferent.
Egs, cheeſe, butter and milke, and all ſaue hey. *Heriſtiques.*
He not content, falſe wolfe, (as others doe)
To kill the ſoule, would kill the body to.

Epigr. 27. Ad Reginam Elizabetham.

LOue, the ſweete band of thy deſired reigne,
From thine owne heart, is ſo ſhedd into many.
As owd'e of all, can not be payde of any.
Leaſt all in one vnited ſhould contayne.
Such loue in ſuch an heart as nere was any,
Which would to loue thee, yet wiſh it ſelfe many.

Epigr. 28. *Ad Lectorem.*

READer thou think'ſt that Epigrams be riſe,
*Be*cauſe by hundreds they are flocking here.
I reade an hundred pamphlets; for my life
Could I finde matter for two verſes there?
Two hundred ballets yeelded me no more,
*Be*ſides barraine reading and conference.
Beſides whole legends of the ruſtie ſtore,
Of ſtories and whole volumes voyde of ſenſe.
And yet the Printer thinkes that he ſhall leeſe,
Which buyes my Epigrams at pence a peece.

Epigr. 29. *Epitap. Iacobi Iugler.*

AND was not death a ſturdie ſtrugler,
In ouerthrowing *Iames* the iugler?

Which

Which when he liu'de ſmall trueth did vſe,
That here he lies may be no newes.

Epigr. 30.

VPon the plaine as I rode all alone,
Aſſaulted by two ſturdie lads I was.
I am a poore man Sires, let me be gone.
Nay, but ye ſhall be poore before ye paſſe.
And ſo I was: yet loſt nothing thereby.
Would they had robde me of my pouerty.

Epigr. 31.

D*Adus* payde deare for learning, but the time
Did croſſe him ſo, he could not haue his foorth.
For when he was by ſtudy a Diuine.
And at his beſt; learning was nothing worth.

Is learning nothing worth ſo deerly bought,
Which could buy all things when it was in prime?
Sett we the goolden ſciences at nought.
And ſell we heauen for earth, and goolde for ſlime?
Yet were *I Dadus* I would not repent.
A ſchollers want excels a clownes content.

Epigr. 32. *Epitaphium Iohannis Coferer.*

HEre lyes *Iohn Coferer* and takes his reſt.
Nowe he hath changde a cofer for a cheſt.

Epigr. 33.

A Pilgrim beggar on a day,
Did meete a Lorde vpon the way.
I truſt your honour will be good,

As

As was my dreame laſt night by th'roode,
For why me thought a per'lous thing,
Vpon a ſoddaine ch'was a King.
Helpe him, which had his dreame beene trewe
Laſt night, mought donne ſo much for you.
The Lord replying anſwered than:
O happy dreame, *O* wretched man,
And happy man, although but poore.
If thou had'ſt neuer waked more.
And yet thy fancy was not meane
Beggar, I enuie at thy dreame.
This anſwere made the beggar prate,
Sir take my dreame for your eſtate.
This much your reaſon will afforde.
Sleepe you a King, Ile wake a Lorde.
Thus euery ſtate receiues his puniſhment.
The poore of want, the rich of diſcontent.

Epigr. 34. *In Titum.*

Titus is fast and hath no starting waies,
As fast, as is the naile driuen to the head.
Or as pale goold kept vnder many keyes.
Or as a true loue knott well hampered.
Not for his vertue enuie did this deed.
Nor for his vice he suffereth of the lawes,
(For good and euill both hurt if they exceed.)
But for his word and for no other cause.
He plaints vnto his friends, and cries, O Lord.
I am kept, for not keeping of my word.

Epigr. 35.

ANtiquitie, of learning holding deare
Made vawtes, and goodly shrines to close it in.
And raisde her stately pillars yeare by yeare.

To

To make her outſides anſwere that within.
Our age hath razd thoſe goodly moniments.
And pearſt the temples where the muſes lay,
To all ſucceeding times aſtoniſhment.
Digging for ignorance out of their clay.
Yet ſpare that little which is not defaſt,
While her decayes doe ſuffer her to ſtand:
You which that ritch and pretious balme do waſte
Which did ſo ſweetly ſmell in all our land:
And for your Prince, and countries ſake relent.
Yours is the ſinne, thers is the puniſhment.

Epigr. 36.

IN quiet ſleepe a iudgement ſeat I ſawe,
Two brought as guilty to their triall, when
The queſt was chargde according to the lawe
To giue their verditt on theſe ſilly men.

But

But by the iury he which had donne ill,
Acquited was, the innocent betrayde.
Then ſtoode I vp (although I had no skill,
To pleade before a iudge,) and this I ſaid,
This is no iurie things of right to trye,
But to ſay trueth, this is an iniurie.

Epigr. 37.

IF I dreame Epigrams, I doe as they.
Which vſe to dreame of what they did the day,

Epigr. 38. *Ad Georgium Morton, armig. de Truta a ſe capta.*

MOrton how fooliſh was this ſilly trowte,
Which quickly ſawe, and pertly plaide about
The little flye, of bigneſſe of a pinn.

But

But ouerſawe the fiſher and his ginn.
So men doe oft which greedy are of gaine.
Eyde to their profit, but blinde to their paine.

Epigr. 39. *De Richardo Tharltono.*

WHo taught me pleaſant follies, can you tell?
I was not taught and yet I did excell.
T'is harde to learne without a preſident.
T'is harder to make folly excellent.
I ſawe, yet had no light to guide mine eyes.
I was extold for that which all deſpiſe.

Epigr. 40. *De Barnei Poeſi.*

BArneus verſe, (vnleſſe I doe him wrong,)
Is like a cupp of ſacke, heady and ſtrong.

Epigr

Epigr. 41.

Oeuus now olde and ſpent, and hard beſtead,
Taking much trauaile for a little bread.
Wiſheth for youth in which he could endure,
To toyle, and ſweate, and labour euery hower.
As if *Prometheus* eaten vp with paine.
Should wiſh his heart freſh to be gnawne againe.

Epigr. 42. *Ad Guilielmum Arnoldum.*

ARnold, the fathers Oracles profound,
Sinke deep into mens hearing whē we cite them,
And ſometimes Poets verſes beare ſuch ground,
As great diuines diuinely do recite them.
And though the ſumm & ſubſtāce maine they beare
Whoſe ſetled ſtudies yeeld that ſweet encreaſe,
Yet ſometimes with *decorum* we may heare.

A

A Poet ſpeake, a father hold his peace.
As when a father like a Poet creakes,
And when a Poet like a father ſpeakes.

Epigr. 43. *in Seuerum.*

SEuerus would not haue me ſlacke my veyne,
Nor vary ſenſe to diuers kindes of writing,
Nor play with meanings which may eaſe my braine
And caſe my reader if they dee not like him.
But I muſt racke my wits till all be ſpent,
That he may nothing but cry: excellent.

Finis Libri Sexti.

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ.
Liber Septimus

Epigr. 1. *Ad Lectorem.*

IF thou thinke, Reader, that deſire of gayne,
Hath mou'de me to indite or ſtir'de my veyne.
Or rather if thou thinke I vndertake,
To come vpon this ſtage for glories ſake,
Ile giue thee all that profitt and that praiſe.
And make me but a Lawyer for three daies.

Epigr. 2. *De Mathone.*

MAtho bethought what life him beſt might fitt,
For baſenes ſake he ſcornd all occupation.
Studie he could not for he wanted witt.

And

And fight he durſt not, hence he tooke occaſion
To loue, of all liues this liſe pleaſde him beſt:
Till loue to all theſe euils him obiected.
To labour, ſtudy, fighting and the reſt,
More theſe by all, then euer he ſuſpected.
Thus they endure, which liue in louers ſtate.
For one thing lou'de, a thouſand things they hate.

Epigr. 3. In Cophum.

Cophus is a fine dancer and a trimme.
A nimbler head to dance you haue not ſeene.
Dance you he danceth, ceaſe yet danceth he.
Praiſe or diſpraiſe him, yet about will he.
When you are weary he will hold it out.
When he is weary, he will skippe about.
All that behold are weary, and are gone.
Yet *Cophus* danceth being left alone.

At laſt *Cophus* himſelfe departes, but ſo,
Me thinkes *Cophus* doth dance when he doth go.

Epigr. 4.

Extus is thrall to goold, as many be,
But hath it in his cheſt, happy is he.
Dacus three ſhips do cut the Ocean waue.
What neede he grudge to be a goolden ſlaue?
Miſus good land by coueting hath got.
Iam a thrall to goold, and haue it not.

Epigr. 5. *De Fortuna ſua.*

I See good *Fortune* runne before,
As *Palinurus* ſawe the ſhoare.
And if I die before it hitch,
Welfare mine eyes for they be rich.

Epigr.

Epigr. 6. *Ad Thomam Strargwayes de Martialis Epigrammate, Aurum & opes & rura, &c.*

GOold, wealth, and gleab, how many friends will (yeeld?
But few in witt will giue place to their friend.
Why *Martiall?* many haue goold wealth & gleab
But few haue witt, if so our strife hath ende.
And sooth se sayes *Strangwaies*, but yet I would,
That I for want of witt might lay heers goold.

Epigr. 7. *ad Lectorem.*

READer I warne thee, now the second time,
Stand not vpon th'exactnes of my rime.
I' admitt a small to shunn a great offence,
Better ten rimes should perish then one sense.

Epigr. 8. *In Carum.*

WHen *Carus* dy'de theſe were the laſt he ſpake,
O friend's take heed Tobaccho was my death.
You that can iudge tell me for *Carus* ſake,
He which dy'de ſo, dy'de he for want of breath?
If ſo he did, then am I more in doubt
How breath being taken in, may blow breath out?

Epigr. 9. *De ſenectute & iuuentute.*

AGe is deformed, youth vnkinde,
We ſcorne their bodies, they our minde.

Epigr. 10. *Ad Iohannem Sooshe.*

THou with the laſt ſweete doctor nam'de by me,
Of any of thy name firſt in deſart.
Firſt in my loue, firſt placed in mine heart.

Demaun-

Demaundeſt thou the cauſe what it may bé?
To my deſire inuention ſeemed ſcant,
Which now doth ſet thee forth & yet doth want,

Epigr. 11. *De nouo orbe.*

THe worlds great Peers & mighty conquerours
Whoſe ſword hath purchaſ'de thē eternal fame
If they ſuruiued in this age of ours,
Might add more glory to their laſting name.
For him which *Carthage* ſackt and ouerthrewe,
We haue found out an other *Africa.*
Newe *Gauls* and *Germaines Cæſar* might ſubdue,
And *Pompey* great an other *Aſia.*
But you O Chriſtian Princes do not ſo.
Seeke not to conquer nations by the ſworde,
Whom you may better quell and ouerthrowe,
By winning them to Chriſt and to his worde.

Giue him the new worlde for olde *Asias* losse,
And set not vp your standart, but his crosse.

Epigr. 12. *De Moro & Caro patrono.*

Morus presented to a fat benifice.
Condition'd with *Carus* but for the tenth fleece
Post twentie yeeres seruice his patron did grutch,
And said that the tenth of the tenth was to much.
A quarrell was picked, and sett was the day,
To sende insufficient *Morus* awaie:
When he was remoued and quite dispossest.
He shut vp the matter with this bitter iest.
Bidaming his patron which did him this wrong,
Am not I thine asse which haue seru'd thee thus long

Epigr. 13. *ad reginam Elizabetham.*

NOw fourty solemn feasts, thine english nation.
Fedd with sweet peace & plentie all the while.

Hath

Hath yeelded to thy happy coronation.
O fayrer keeper of the fayreſt yle.
Our firſt great ioyes with greater ſeconded.
Our ſecond with ſucceeding ioyes defaict,
They with the next extinct and vaniſhed:
The next with greater ioyes, all with the laſt,
And yet thou liu'ſt to make vs yet more fayre,
And to ſet vp new triumphes and new pleaſure,
To add more ſweetnes to thy ſweeteſt reigne.
To make more roome for ioy which knows no meaſure.
O liue as do the ſtars, which ſhine for euer.
And as the Sunne ſo riſe, but ſet thou neuer.

Epigr. 14. ad eandem.

ELiza, thou haſt ſpread a goolden peace,
Ouer thy land thriſe bleſſed by thy raigne.
And were it that ſome ciuill wars did ceaſe,
Which in our ſelues deuided we ſuſtaine:

Betweene the patron and poore miniſter,
Landlordes and Tenants, raigning more and more.
Betweene the borrower and the vſurer.
Betweene ſo fewe rich, and ſo many poore:
Ours were the golden age, but theſe home iarres,
Houſes, and fields and ſtates haue ouerthrowne.
And ſpoyled vs noleſſe then foreyne wars.
Thanke we this idle miſcheſe of our owne.
But who did heare, or who did euer read,
Peace without wars, or ſomething elſe in ſtead.

Epigr. 15. *In Miſum.*

FIrſt *Miſus* coueted a peece of goold,
Then a ſmall houſe, and little garden plott,
Then copie land, and after a freeholde.
At laſt a ſhipp by coueting he got,
Then out he ſtreched reaching auarice,
To a ſhippe loade with goolde, and by degrees,

Manours

Manours and caſtles tempt his hollow eyes,
Then to a mine of goold he ſwiftly flees.
Then greater Lordſhips he doth ſeaze vpon.
No goold can ſtill his bottomles deſire.
Nothing can ſcape his goold, he preſſeth on,
And to all *India* laſtly doth aſpire.
Where now a little mine hath him inhold,
Where is nor houſe, garden, land, ſhip nor goold.

Epigr. 16. *Ad Comitem Eſſexa.*

HOw hath a little chance great fortune croſt?
The Spaniſh fleete euen balaſed with goolde,
A narrow miſſe did ſnatch out of our holde,
Which we nere had, but yet deſire as loſt.
But if this loſſe muſt purchaſe thy returne.
And buy thee out of danger emminent,
How rich are we by looſing, and content,

How woe are they that they are not vndoone?
More thou art fearde then any losse of *Spayne*
Denrox, and England loues thee more then gaine.

Epigr. 17.

ROme hath a barrayne vine, yet doth not spare
With a strong hedge to compasse her about.
We haue the true vine, which we do not care
To fence against the wilde boares rooting out.
If my poore prayers may be heard in time,
I would we had their hedge, or they our vine.

Epigr. 18. *In Caium.*

Caius hath brought from forraine landes,
A foote wench with many handes.
Which doe in goolden letters say,
She is his wife not stolne away.
He mought haue sau'de with small discretion,

Paper

Paper inke and all confession.
For none that seeth her face and making,
Will iudge her holne but by misiaking.

Epigr. 19. De nævo in facie Faustinæ.

Faustina hath a spott vpon her face,
Mixt with sweete beawty making for her grace.
By what sweete influence it was begott,
I know not, but it is a spotlesse spott.

Epigr. 20. De eadem.

AS with fresh meates mixture of salt is meete,
And vinegere doth relish well the sweete.
So in fayre faces moulds somtimes arise,
Which serue to stay the surfeyte of our eyes.

Epigr.

Epigr. 22.

IF a poore miniſter haue done amiſſe,
Then his high calling is obiected to him,
High to all wrong I grant our calling is,
And great and wonderous to our vndoing,
But they which ſet vs high to all diſgrace,
In honour put vs to the loweſt place.

Epigr. 23. *Ad Thomam Strangwaies.*

STrangwaies leaue London & her ſweet contents,
Or bring them downe to me to make me glad,
And giue one mon'th to country meriments,
Giue me a fewe daies for the yeeres I had.
The Poets ſongs and ſports we will reade ouer,
Which in their goolden quire they haue reſounded
And ſpill our readings one vpon another,

And

And read our ſpillings ſweetly ſo confounded.
Nulam ſhall lend vs night in midſt of day,
When to the euen valley we repaire.
When we delight our ſelues with talke or play,
Sweete with the infant graſſe and virgine ayre.
Theſe in the heate, but in the euen later,
Weele walke the meads, and read trowts in the (water.

Epigr. 24. *In Mathonem.*

M*Atho* with angry countenance threatned me.
For that I toucht him in a verſe of mine.
I ſaid I knewe it not, not ſo quoth he?
That can I ſhew: and pointed to the rime.
So he accuſde himſelfe, for had not he,
He might haue kept concealements cloſe for me.

Epigr. 25.

STand, want, and waite, doe what you can.

Stand

Stand poore, want foole, waire ſeruingman.
Their doors are made to ſhut thee out,
Or let thee in to goe without.
Their goolde their idoll they doe make.
Should they for thee their God forſake.
Fye filthy muckers tis nor ſo,
Ye erre, God is not goold I know.
But if he did conſiſt of pelſe,
What would you haue him all your ſelſe?

Epigr. 26.

Philo in friendly ſort ſaluteth me,
And feedes me with embraſing courteſie.
But what of theſe ſith he hath wronged me?
Thus doe I ſuffer *Philoes* courteſie.

Epigr. 27.

TH'arke-Angell *Michaell* looketh wan & blewe,

More

More then his predeceſſor *Bartlemewe*,
More then his neighbour *Mathew*: as men ſay,
Becauſe he hath ſo many debts to pay.

Epigr. 28 *De infante mortuo ante partum.*

THe infant lying in the mothers wombe,
Through vnknowne griefe & vnſuſpected death
Reſing'd not fully yet receiued breath.
And ſo lay buried in a liuing tombe.
The woefull mothers heart this ſo did greeue,
She wiſht it had bin buried aliue.

Epigr. 29. *In Cauſidicos.*

OVr vice, our outrage and malitiouſneſſe,
Set ouer vs newe maiſters and new lawes.
Which preying on our wicked ſimpleneſſe,
Do grow ſo great by miniſhing the cauſe.

Epigr

Epigr. 30.

HE which an elder ſeeking to defame,
Reueales his ſecret to his enemies.
Deſerues the heauy curſe of wicked *Cham*,
Which did contemne his fathers priuities.
The Sire was dronke, and yet the plague did light,
Vpon the ſonne which ſcornd a ſinfull ſight.

Epigr. 31.

CLerkes to their liuings wedded once did thriue,
From which ſome are diuourſt and yet do wiue,
Then *Moſes* lawe tooke holde, the brother dead,
The brother ſhould ſuruiuing raiſe him ſeed.
*B*ut we ſucceeding husbands can haue none.
Which are ſo wicked husbands to our owne,
The wife tofore which many husbands had,
With their ſoft rayment and rich iewels clad.

Deckt

Deckt with their comely loue and coſtly care.
Tyr'de like a Princeſſe and without compaire.
VVe haue caſt of from her owne blood & kinne,
To ſerue a ſtranger and to ſtoope to him,
And ſhe alreadie groanes as thrall indeed,
And we yet liuing ſtinke of this foule deede.
VVhat ſhould the enemie do with barbrous kniſes?
Learne of the husband to torment the wife?
Wolues to your ſelues, vipers to your own mother.
And caterpillers eatinge one an other.

Epigr. 32

HOw deerly doth the ſimple husband buy,
His wiues defect of will when ſhe doth dye?
Better in death by will to lett her giue,
Then let her haue her will while ſhe doth liue.

Epigr.

Epigr. 33. *De Poeta Martiali.*

MArtiall in *Rome* full thirtie yeares had ſpent,
Then went he home, was not that baniſhment?

Epigr. 34. *In Latum.*

LEtus in vertuous manners may excell,
But what neede hath he ſo rath to be good?
His ſtrength of body which he knowes to well,
His life forbids him and his youthly blood.
Thus vice and pleaſure haue our ſtrength & prime,
And vertue hath, the leauings of them both.
She hath the orts and parings of our time.
Then when euen ſinne our carion courſe doth loath,
We may be good, but muſt be aged furſt.
Thus we are good neuer, or at our worſt.

Epigr.

Epigr. 35. *Epitaph: Iohannis Sande.*

WHo would liue in others breath?
Fame deceiues the dead mans truſt.
Since our names are chang'de in death.
Sand I was, and now am duſt.

Epigr. 36. *De puero balbutiente.*

ME thinkes tis pretie ſport to heare a childe,
Rocking a worde in mouth yet vndefild.
The tender racket rudely playes the ſound,
Which weakely banded cannot backe rebound,
And the ſoft ayre the ſofter rooſe doth kiſſe,
With a ſweete dying and a pretie miſſe.
Which heares no anſwere yet from the white ranke
Of teeth, not riſen from their corall banke.
The alphabet is ſearcht for letters ſoft,
To tryc a worde before it can be wrought.

And when it ſlideth forth, is goes as nice,
As when a man doth walke vpon the yce.

Epigr. 37.

SVch was my griefe vpon my fatall fall,
That all the world me thought was darke withall
And yet I was deceiued as I knowe.
For when I proou'de I found it nothing ſo
I ſhewde the Sunn my lamentable ſore.
The Sunne did ſee and ſhined as before,
Then to the Moone did I reueale my plight.
She did deminiſh nothing of her light.
Then to the ſtars I went and lett them ſee,
No not a ſtarre would ſhine the leſſe for me.
Go wretched man, thou ſeeſt thou art forlorne.
Thou ſeeſt the heauēs laugh while thou doſt mourn.

Epigr. 38.

YE Cookes and Pothecaries be my friend,

For

For ye of all, my booke dares not offend,
I made him for the homely countries taſt,
They loue not ſpice, they vſe not ſeede on paſt.
If he haue ſalt enough then let him go,
You haue no neede to put in pepper to.

Epigr. 39. Ad Do. Mountioy.

IF in theſe naked lines perhaps be ought,
Great Lord, which your conceipt or ſenſe may fit,
Then had that dy'de and periſht from your thought
Had not audacious neede preſerued it.
If neede haue well done, I am glad therfore,
But I beſeech you lett her do no more.

Epigr. 7. ad Lectorem.

IF my bookes eaſie of digeſtion be,
Thanke not my matter reader but thanke me,
How many verſes haue I cancelled?

Howe many lompes of meaning ſeaſoned.
I ſuffer Epigrams to ſprowte forth, when
I vſe mine arte, and prune them with my pen.
For he that will write Epigrams indeed,
Muſt vſe to wring the meaning till it bleede.

Epigr. 41. *in Sabellum.*

BIting *Sabellus* hereat takes offence,
Becauſe I lay not open all my ſenſe.
All muſt be plaine, and nothing I muſt hide,
There muſt be notes at ende, and notes by ſide.
There muſt be nothing fett, and nothing ſtrayned,
The reader muſt delighted be, not payned.
But I am of an other minde, for why
Should not he take ſome paines a well as I?

Epigr. 42.

OVr vice is runne beyond all olde mens ſawes,
And

And farre authenticall aboue our laws.
And ſcorning vertues ſafe and goolden meane,
Sits vncontrolde vpon the high extreame,
Circes thynne monſters painted out the hue,
Of fayned filthineſſe, but ours is trewe.
Our vice puts downe all prouerbes and all theames,
Our vice excels all fables and all dreames.

Epigr. 43.

WHē books & poore men, they their pariſh burned
These their low houſes raz'd & ouerturned,
Are driuen to ſeeke, changing their olde repayre,
They in the ground, theſe dwelling in the ayre.
When ſport is made of damned fornication.
And vſurie an honeſt occupation.
When dull, cramde, groſſe, and ſwollen gluttony,
Scornes wholſome temperance with leaden eye.
When pride like polling miller ſits vpon.

The bated gryſt of poore religion,
When holy tithes the higheſt callings price,
Make iags for coates, and fuell for the dice
May we not well O times, on manners cry?
This were an eaſe, it were no remedie.

Epigr. 44. In Brillum.

BRillus tolde ſuch a tale as neuer man
Did heare, or thinke of ſince the world began.
Tw'as not of murther ſtrange, nor filthineſſe,
Nor open wrong, nor ſecret wickedneſſe;
Nor legend tale, nor ancient poets fable,
Nor ſuch as parаſites do tell at table.
It was nor monſtrous lie, nor pleaſant fiction,
Nor of affirming, nor of contradiction.
All writers, trauellers, merchants are to ſeeke,
Yea *Iohn* deuiſer neuer tolde the like.
It was a tale of oaths abhominable.
God was the ieſt, and our dread Chriſt the fable.

Epigr.

Epigr. 45.

L*Ætus* did in his miſtreſſe quarrell, die,
Quintus was ſlayne defending of the lie.
Germanus in his friendes defence did fall.
Sakellus died ſtriuing for the wall.
Merus did ſpend his life vpon a ieſt.
Sannius loſt it at a dronken feaſt.
Nerus at Sundaies wake, reueng'de the wrong,
Of his bull dogge, vntill he lay along.
What ſayſt thou now contemn'de religion?
Vice hath her Saynts and martyrs, thou haſt none.

Epigr. 46. *In Porum.*

B*Itus* deſired *Porus* of his grace,
That in his ſeruice he might haue a place.
He ſayde he was of of honeſt occupation.

He could no lye nor falſe diſſimulation,
He knewe no wicked meanes to fill his purſe,
But *Porus* anſwred, he likes him the worſe.

Epigr. 47. *De Hominis Ortu & ſepultura.*

NAture which headlong into life doth thring vs
with our feet forward to our graue doth bring vs
What is leſſe ours, then this our borrowed breath,
We ſtubble into life we goe to death.

FINIS.